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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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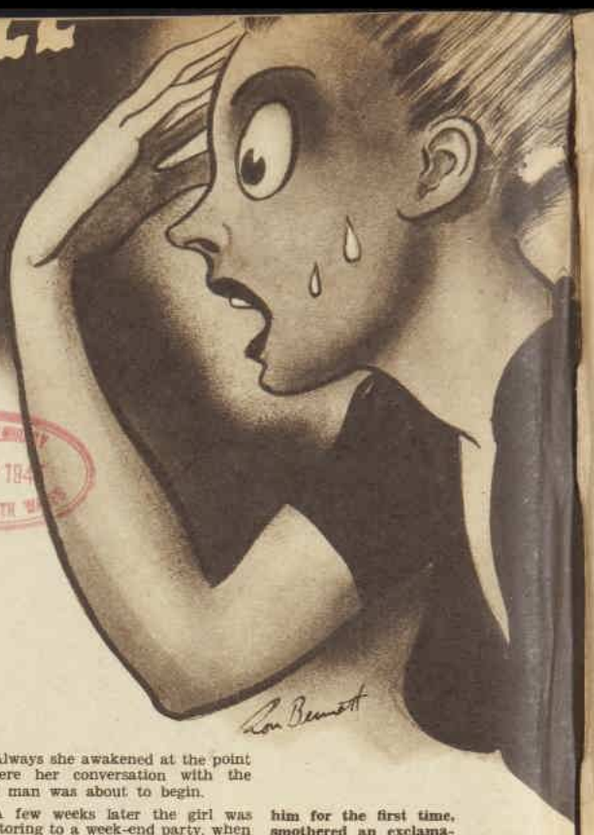
This'll CHILL YOU!



● The clutching hand, the face at the window, the vanishing spectre are the stuff from which a good winter evening's entertainment can be woven at any time.

YOUNG LIBRARY 29 MAY 194 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

BENNETT CERF in "Try and Stop Me," a collection of anecdotes and jokes which is among non-fiction best-sellers in America at present, says that in times of stress there is always a special upsurge of supernatural stories.

In a chapter under the heading of "The Trail of the Tingling Spine," he tells several which have been popular in recent years.

He claims that one was told in the presence of a man who wears a toupee, and he got so excited that every hair of the toupee stood on end.

Mr. Cerf does not say which story produced this remarkable effect, but you may take your pick:

WHEN an intelligent, comely girl of twenty-odd was invited to the Carolina estate of some distant relatives, she was given a room in the west wing.

Her room was drenched with the light of a full moon.

Just as she was climbing into her bed, she was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs on the roadway.

Curious, she walked to the window and saw, to her astonishment, a magnificent old coach pull up to an abrupt stop directly below her.

The coachman jumped from his perch, looked up, and pointed a long, bony finger at her.

He was hideous. His face was chalk-white. A deep scar ran the length of his left cheek. His nose was beaked.

As he pointed at her, he droned in sepulchral tones, "There is room for one more!"

Then, as she recoiled in terror, the coach, the horses, and the ominous coachman disappeared.

The girl slept little, but the next day she was able to convince herself that she had merely had a nightmare.

The next night, however, the horrible experience was repeated.

The girl, now panic-stricken, could scarcely wait for morning. She trumped up some excuse to her hosts and left immediately for home.

Upon arrival she taxied to her doctor from the station and told him her story in tremulous tones. The doctor persuaded her that she had been the victim of a peculiar hallucination, laughed at her terror, and dismissed her in a state of infinite relief.

As she rang for the elevator, its door swung open before her.

The elevator was very crowded, but she was about to squeeze her way inside—when a familiar voice rang in her ear. "There is room for one more!" it called.

In terror, she stared at the operator. He was the coachman who had pointed at her!

She saw his chalk-white face, the livid scar, the beaked nose! She drew back and screamed . . . the elevator door banged shut.

A moment later the building shook with a terrible crash. The elevator that had gone on without her broke loose from its cables and plunged eighteen stories to the ground.

Everybody in it, of course, was crushed to a pulp.

* * *

A GIRL dreamed one night that she was walking along a strange country lane.

It led her up a wooded hill whose summit was crowned with the loveliest little white frame house and garden she ever had seen.

Unable to conceal her delight, she knocked loudly on the door of the house, and finally it was opened by an old, old man.

Just as she started to talk to him she woke up.

Every detail of this dream was so vivid in her memory that she carried it about in her head for days.

Then, on three successive nights, she had precisely the same dream.

Always she awakened at the point where her conversation with the old man was about to begin.

A few weeks later the girl was motoring to a week-end party, when she suddenly tugged at the driver's sleeve and begged him to stop.

There, at the right of the concrete highway, was the country lane of her dreams! "Wait for me a few moments," she pleaded, and, her heart beating wildly, set out on the lane.

She was no longer surprised when it wound to the top of the wooded hill and the house whose every feature was now so familiar to her.

The old man responded to her impatient summons.

"Tell me," she began, "is this little house for sale?"

"That it is," said the man, "but I would scarcely advise you to buy it. You see, young lady, this house is haunted!"

"Haunted," echoed the girl. "For heaven's sake, by whom?"

"By you," said the old man, and softly closed the door.

* * *

JOHN SULLIVAN was the only son of a doting mother, widowed during the first World War. He was handsome, richly endowed with Irish charm, and a particular favorite of the ladies.

John couldn't explain how he suddenly came to be walking up Euclid Avenue. He had no memory of how he got there, or of what he had been doing previously that morning.

"I must be walking in my sleep," he said to himself.

Two lovely young girls were approaching him. John stopped them with the confidence born of years of easy conquest. "Could you be telling me the time?" he asked with his easy smile.

To his surprise one of the girls screamed, and both of them rushed past him.

Several other people, he noticed, seemed terrified by the sight of him. One man flattened himself against a show window of a store to get out of his way.

Greatly puzzled, John Sullivan started to climb into a taxi. Just as he was giving the address of his home, however, the driver looked at him for the first time, smothered an exclamation, pushed him out of the cab, and drove off.

John's head was spinning. He entered a phone booth, and phoned to his mother. A strange voice answered.

"Mrs. Sullivan?" it echoed. "Now who would be expecting to find her in now? Don't you know that her poor son John was caught in a machine at the bindery yesterday and mangled to death? She's out at the cemetery, where they're burying him now!"

ANOTHER spook story of Bennett Cerf's: A man was walking along a dark passage, collided with a stout, shadowy figure.

"I beg your pardon," said the first. "I thought you were a ghost."

"What makes you think I'm not?" asked the second—and vanished.

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Fonder Heart

He found her tactics obvious, but let her go on until he was ready to end the farce

"Hello, Jenny; great party, isn't it?" Vic said, smiling, and casually offered her some sausage-rolls.

By VICTOR JAMES

JENNY was feeling very happy and quite sure of herself. She rang the door-bell, and as she prepared herself for her entrance, she listened to the confused chatter and laughter from inside to see if she could pick out Vic's voice.

He was there, somewhere; he'd be waiting for her, impatient till she came. She could picture him talking away, replying to questions, but always with one eye on the door, ready to excuse himself and greet her the moment she entered the room.

She was late, she knew. She'd come late on purpose, simply to keep him waiting a bit longer. The delay would sharpen his eagerness, and that was all to the good. He was due for a lesson—well, to-night he was going to get it.

It was two weeks since they'd seen each other. She hadn't really meant it to be that long; once or twice she had almost rung him to see what was keeping him away. She did not particularly want to see him, she told herself; it was merely that it annoyed her to think he could go without seeing her for so long.

They had not had a row. When she'd left him that night to go off to a party with Alan Thompson she'd felt a slight inward tremor, but it had turned to anger when he'd accepted the position without demur and said good-night in his usual awkward way.

If he minded at all, he didn't show it, and she'd been annoyed at that, too.

Just before he left her he said he'd ring her the next day. Well, that was a fortnight ago, and she still hadn't heard from him. To-night was going to be her chance to show him she wouldn't stand that sort of thing. There'd be plenty of other men there, and it was just a matter of picking the most attractive one and flirting with him. The more jealous it made Vic, the more she'd be pleased. Of course, she'd make it up to him when he'd learnt his lesson—she didn't want to hurt him more than she had to.

When Peggy Halliday opened the door, Jenny was smiling to herself. "Hello, Jenny! Late as usual?"

"Sorry, Peg. I was delayed at the last minute."

"Ass! I was only joking. Come and leave your things in my room." They went in, and Jenny looked at herself critically in the mirror. The result satisfied her, as she'd known it would. "O.K.," she said. "Let's go."

"You'll find Vic inside," said Peggy. "I've got to organise some more drinks. Make your own introductions—I'll see you later." She fluttered off, and Jenny proceeded sedately to the door of the room where the party was in full swing.

She paused on the threshold for a moment, partly for the effect, partly to see where Vic was. Her gaze picked him out in a far corner, and she looked away, certain that he'd seen her. A bunch of people near at hand fanned out in her direction. "Here's Jenny!" said someone. "Cheers, Jenny! Thought you were never coming!"

"Cheers, Tom! Cheers, everyone," said Jenny, and her smile was more radiant than ever. Things were going even better than she'd planned. Taking good care not to look again at the corner where she'd seen Vic, she went up to Tom Stansway, who had greeted her first. "Stop looking so debonair," she told him, "and get me a drink. Can't you see I'm dying of thirst?"

"Right-oh, Jenny. Here, have a smoke while I'm getting it. What's it to be?"

She took a cigarette, lit it from the match he offered her, and smiled back at him. "I leave it to you. Anything, so long as it's long and cold." He disappeared into the crowd on his errand, and she stole a look at Vic. With a slight pang, she realised he was still in the same corner, but before she could do anything about it, someone else had claimed her attention. "Jenny!" called a girl. "Come over here! There's a man who's simply dying to meet you!"

"Better still," she thought, as she obeyed the summons. "Jenny, this is Brien Pattison, just down from the wilds of New Guinea. Brien, Jenny Morrisby."

"Hello," said Jenny. She looked at him, and realised he was just the man for her purpose. Tall, not bad looking, nicely browned—and one who had been out of circulation long enough to respond gladly to any attention she might pay him.

"How do you do?" he said. "Can I get you a drink?"

"No thanks, it's on the way. Oh, here it is now. Thanks, Tom," she said, as she took the glass and dismissed the bearer from her mind. "How long's your leave?"

"I HAD twenty-four days when I started," said Brien. "But it's just about all gone now, worse luck. I've got to report at L.T.D. the day after to-morrow. Let's forget that, though. Just before you got here, someone was saying you were in the Waaafs. Are you?"

"Yes," replied Jenny. Then her curiosity got the better of her. "What else did you hear?"

"Well, to be quite frank, I've forgotten. You see, I hadn't met you then, and you didn't mean anything to me."

She looked up quickly, not quite sure what to make of his remark. It was either naive, or else remarkably smooth for such a short acquaintance, and she thought it better not to inquire.

"Excuse me a moment while I get an ash-tray," she said.

"Oh, no, please." He turned away, and, as he did so, she noticed Vic moving in her direction. "The lesson begins," she thought, and smiled at him. "Hello, Vic."

"Oh, hello, Jenny," he said, and passed on.

For a moment she couldn't believe it had happened. He hadn't even returned her smile—just said hello and continued on his way as though nothing had happened! The desire to go after him swept through her, but she fought it off, knowing that if she gave way all her advantage would be lost. But the—the nerve! Ooh, she could strangle him! He thought he could treat her like that, did he? He must be supremely sure of himself—or indifferent.

Indifferent? She caught her breath. It couldn't be that, could it? No . . . no, of course, it couldn't. Rubbish. She knew Vic Hallon. Besides, hadn't he told her he'd never stop loving her, no matter what happened? Well, why hadn't he stayed and talked, then? Why hadn't he——

She pulled herself together sharply as Brien came back with the ash-tray. "You shouldn't have bothered," she said. "Thanks."

He handed it to her, and she stubbed her cigarette a trifle viciously. It wasn't going to be quite as easy as she'd imagined. Well, the lesson would have to be more drastic, and, if it was, well, he had only himself to blame.

She threw herself into the spirit of the party, and before long she was surrounded by a laughing crowd. Brien, Tom, and half a dozen others. Her mood of exhilaration quickened. She was on top of the world.

Practically the only person in the room who took no notice of her was Vic. Beyond that brief hello, he had said nothing to her. While she was laughing and joking, a voice somewhere inside her kept saying, "Watch Vic. Watch Vic! He's up to something! Watch him!" But she paid it no heed.

At first it looked as though he was going to retire into his shell for the evening. Since that was exactly what Jenny wanted, she only laughed more often and used her charm with more devastating effect.

Unfortunately, however, Vic came to life. Soon he had as many girls round him as she had men. She heard him chuckle as he told them of an incident which had amused him, and the sound of his laughter made her inwardly more furious than ever before.

"He was the slowest witness I've ever had," she heard Vic saying. "At the end of it all, he told the Court that his previous occupation had been an undertaker. In that job, as the judge said, time doesn't matter."

Peggy Halliday turned on the radiogram, and a few couples started to dance. Jenny looked hopefully in Vic's direction, then turned away quickly as she saw him ask the girl next to him. "That's the last straw," she told herself. "He's had his chance. I was going to let him off lightly, but now—oh, what wouldn't I do to him?"

Brien came up to her. "Dance?" he said.

"Love to," she replied. As they danced, something of her confidence returned. When Vic asked her to dance—that'd be the best time to show him where he got off. She'd say, no, she was sorry, but she didn't feel like it. Then she'd have it with Brien, even if she had to ask him herself. If that didn't make him jealous, nothing would.

She realised Brien had said something. "Sorry, Brien, what was that?"

"I was wondering what was the name of this record. Do you know?"

"Um, 'Honky Tonk Train Blues,' or something. I'm not quite sure. Do you like it?"

"Yes, I do, rather."

"So do I, usually, but I don't feel in the mood for it to-night. I wish they'd play something slow and dreamy."

"Gosh, yes! It would be good, wouldn't it? Wait till the end of this, and I'll see what I can find."

The music stopped, and they went over to the pile of records near the wireless. "How's this?" asked Brien. "'When Day Is Done'?"

"Oh, yes. Couldn't be better."

They started to dance again, and this time his cheek was touching her hair, while his arm tightened, ever so slightly round her back. So much for Vic, she thought, and then realised he'd left the room. As soon as the record stopped she straightened, and eyed Brien appealingly. "Do you mind if we sit down for a while? I feel rather tired."

"Of course. Come over here." He took out his cigarette case and offered it to her. She took one without answering, her mind intent only on Vic, and where he was. Somehow, all the zest had gone out of her. She felt like going home, but decided not to, in case Brien insisted on taking her. He'd be pretty certain to try and kiss her, and that'd be more than she could stand.

Just then, Peggy came in. "O.K., everybody," she said. "Supper's on."

They drifted in, Brien leading. With something akin to relief, she saw that Vic was already there, deep in conversation with the girl he'd been dancing with.

Brien handed her a cup of coffee, passed her a savory, then moved off in search of the sugar. Taking advantage of his absence, she moved round to Vic's side of the table. He greeted her with a grin. "Hello, Jenny. Great party, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said, with as much enthusiasm as she could muster. "Super."

"How's work?"

"Still the same. How's yours?"

"Busy as ever. Sausage-roll?"

"Thanks. Written any stories lately?"

Please turn to page 4

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Airman captivated by Queen's charm

An Australian flying-officer who met Queen Elizabeth said he felt the most important man in all England during the five minutes she talked to him.

In a letter home he gives his impressions of Her Majesty.

F/O. M. Johnson, in his letter to his aunt, Mrs. T. McMahon, John Terrace, Wallaroo, S.A., writes:

I AM convalescing at the home of Lord Courtauld Thompson. He took me and two South African boys to London to see a Red Cross Exhibition which was attended by Queen Elizabeth.

"The great moment arrived when he took us to the Queen and introduced us to her!

"Gosh, I didn't know how to address her, and Lord Courtauld just tipped me in time to say 'Ma'am' and bow my head as she shook hands with me.

"She asked me where I lived, how long I had been away from home, how often I received mail from you, and if the news was good. She said she had happy memories of her trip to Australia. She also asked how I liked England.

"When I told her I had been away from home three years she said, 'That is a long time. You must feel like going home now.'

"The Queen spoke to me for over five minutes, and is a very charming lady. She has clear, blue eyes and a marvellous fresh complexion.

"She was wearing black in mourning for her father, who died recently.

"I felt quite natural talking to her. She makes one feel right at home from the moment she says, 'I am very pleased to meet you,' until she shakes hands again and wishes you good luck and good-bye.

"I felt like the most important man in all England for those five minutes."

SKETCHES by Pte. J. Greenberg in New Britain decorate envelopes of letters to Mrs. M. Greenberg. Sent in by his brother, Mr. H. Greenberg, Palm Court, St. Kilda, Vic.

Captain is a "perso boy"

"WE received our first mail for two months. Even the captain was very excited.

"They tell me he is a bit of a 'perso boy.'

"Anyone is a 'perso boy' if they are liable to get about twice as many letters as the average."

(From a seaman in the R.A.N. to a Waaaf in Sydney.)

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Fonder Heart

Continued from page 3

"HARDLY a thing. Haven't had the time, somehow—what with going out and one thing and another."

"Oh." So he hadn't missed her at all. Well, that finished it. She moved back to Brien, who was still holding the sugar.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "I lost sight of you in the crowd. Sugar?"

"No thanks, I don't take it. I tried to tell you, but you'd gone."

"Still feeling tired?"

"No, I'm not now. That coffee's made all the difference."

"Like some more?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, how about another dance while everybody's still eating?"

She nodded, and they went back to the gramophone. "Let's have something fast this time. Oh, look! Here's 'Golden Wedding.' Play that."

He put it on, and she surrendered to the rhythm, glad of a respite from her thoughts. It had just finished when Vic came into the room. "Sorry to butt in," he said to Jenny. "But may I have this dance?"

"I—Oh, Brien, do you mind?"

"Not at all." He lingered for a while, then went back to the supper room.

Now I'll let him have it, thought Jenny. "I suppose you're annoyed with me?"

"Absolutely furious," he answered. "What about?"

"Me going off to that party, of course."

"Oh, that? No, as a matter of fact, it rather amused me."

"You must have a peculiar sense of humor. Why did it?"

"Well, to start with, it gave me an idea for a story which I wrote and sold for five guineas."

"But I thought you said—oh, go on. What else struck you as funny?"

"You thinking I was going to mind. And the funniest thing of the lot was me telling you I was going to ring you the next day."

"I don't see what's particularly funny in that."

"No, I didn't think you would. You didn't expect me to ring, did you?"

Jenny's eyes began to glint. "I didn't give it another thought," she said.

"Nor did I."

"Well, if you think that's funny, here's something that ought to make you rock. I'm going to be married in a few months."

"Congratulations. Who to?"

"John Pierson. It's a wonder you're interested enough to ask."

"Just curious, that's all. John Pierson, eh? But he's in England, isn't he?"

"He's coming back."

"Oh! Well, I'm glad you told me, Jenny. It's made it easier to tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"That I'm going to get married in a few months, myself."

"But Vic! You—you said you'd always love me, and——"

"Yes, Jenny, I know I did. That was a pleasant dream while it lasted, but—well, dreams aren't made to last."

"Who is she?"

"She's a Waaaf. She's like you in many ways. Same sort of hair, same temper when it's roused. She's marvellous."

Jenny bit back her tears. "You can spare me the details," she said. "When did you—when did you ask her?"

"If you mean when did she say yes, she hasn't exactly said it in so many words, yet." Jenny looked up with a faint spark of hope. "Oh, she will, though," he added. "Don't worry about that."

"You're very sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"I wasn't till to-night. You made me."

Jenny blinked and turned away. "Well, I hope you'll be happy," she said. "I—I think I'll go home now."

"Oh, but you haven't asked me her name yet. Don't you want to know?"

"N-not particularly."

"Why not? You don't mind, do you?"

She stared at the carpet, and a little ball of crystal rolled off her nose and splashed on her toe. "Of c-course not. Who is she, then?"

"Her name," said Vic, as he took her in his arms, "is Jenny Morrisby. If you have anything to say, speak now, or else for ever hold your peace."

But Jenny only snuggled closer, and said nothing.

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1/46

Prices: 3D, 1/3 & 4/- Per Packet

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PLEASURES AND PALACES

The last of the delightful stories about Press Censor Brown and his family

ASSISTANT PRESS CENSOR BROWN came to announce that the christening would be on Sunday. I swear he's infected me with his idolatry, for it gave me quite a kick to think I was going to be godfather to Susan.

He added that this notable event would be the fitting climax to a big week. "I've been mixing with kings and queens and all the nobs," he said. "And we've got Mrs. East. And Susan's so perfect just now that I could wish she'd never grow any bigger, but stay exactly as she is."

. . . . . .

Well, believe it or not, we've been to Buckingham Palace, but we couldn't take Susan. It was a pity about that. We'd have loved to have taken her, but she's really a bit young yet, even though she's very advanced, mind you, for her age. Much more so than ordinary babies. It happened because the famous naval brother was to be decorated by the King. Quite a week for him, too. I mean with being Susan's godfather on Sunday and everything.

Midge and I don't go to palaces very often, so we were quite excited, and it was nice that her first outing since we had our utility baby should be such a plushy affair.

Talking of utility things, Buckingham Palace has gone in for austerity these days. I have a Russian friend who declares that Buckingham Palace is the most wisely run institution in the world. He says it's an example of social genius. It hadn't occurred to me, but I'm inclined to agree with him, now I come to think of it. For instance, you'd expect an invitation to the Palace to arrive on a magnificent embossed card in a more magnificent cream envelope with golden lions and unicorns cavorting all over the place and red seals blooming like peonies.

But it came in a small, cheap buff envelope, and was just a couple of lines of very plain printing on what would have made a reasonable cloakroom ticket. No fuss, no waste, no ostentation.

We didn't have much notice, and it looked at first as if we were up against trouble. A girl couldn't very well go to Buckingham Palace in her nightie, even with a coat over it. And yet it seemed that that was what Midge would have to do. What with all the housework and Susan to see to, Midge hadn't been troubling about clothes. Though she loathed it, she climbed each day into what was left of the old blue maternity frock. It had never been Parisian in style, but now it was a proper mess.

And when we took out all the things she used to wear—including the check suit she'd wanted me to bring to the Baby Factory—not one of them would go near her. I suggested something smart and new, of course, but that meant getting up to town and you couldn't buy just anything—nowadays you had to get real value. Besides, you've no coupons to spare when you've a baby in the house. But at last we found a dress which had a kind of placket thing on each side, and by leaving these gaping wide open a matter of six inches or so we managed to wedge Midge into it. Under her coat the sides didn't show, and we just had to risk that she'd be able to keep her coat on.

Midge prides herself on her trimness. Dressing wasn't a very cheerful business for her. But she tried to pretend.

We did it in style in a hired car because I didn't want Midge to be too tired.

It was funny to be sitting in a car on pleasure bent. I couldn't remember the last time I'd had the experience. We don't belong with those mysterious people who always seem to have petrol, no matter how drastically the regulations are tightened up. Well, there are more than enough of them, anyway, and how do they do it? And how have they the heart and face to do it?

We picked up my brother at his hotel and drove along the Mall. It was royal weather—a perfect day. And when we got to the Palace we found a familiar sign of the times—there was a long, long queue a-winding right round the pavement outside and in across the courtyard out of sight, just as if the Palace had been a shop with a notice out: "Plenty of Fish in Half an Hour."

The driver knew about Midge having had a baby. He said, "I don't see why we shouldn't try to drive in. They can only stop us." They didn't. We passed admirals, generals, and lots of other nobs, all patiently shuffling along. We felt awful cads—as if cheating in a queue—but it was very comfortable for Midge, and that was what mattered.

It's nice at the Palace. They don't overawe simple folk. True, there were beefeaters lining each side of the red-carpeted marble stair-case, but beefeaters are part of London, like the flower girls in Piccadilly. They are nice spruce old gentlemen. No Prussian Guard business about this Palace—no pomp and heel-clicking and martial splendor.

The sheep were separated from the goats at the top of the stairs, and we goats were shown to our places by Home Guards. That was fine, too. These were our own sort of people here on duty in the King's house.

The room was long and narrow with nice lines, and the roof was not too high. There were oil paintings set flush in the walls. We assumed they were of kings and queens, but we didn't know for sure. The place was filled with small gilt chairs, and we were seated as we arrived. Midge and I thought of the queue outside, and felt a bit guilty. We were all rather hushed, and looked about somewhat timidly, not wanting to seem rude and inquisitive in the King's house.

But if most of the people spoke in quiet tones there were two exceptions. By bad luck they were right behind us. They talked on and on of the incredible hardships of life at the Berkeley and the Ritz—of the poor service everywhere—of insolence—of the brilliance with which they had scrounged two dozen eggs—of the beauty of knowing dear old so-and-so who could get you anything you wanted—of the wisdom of buying mink.

I am not making this up; they were there. I thought the tribe had been exterminated.

But not on your life!

And the saddest thing was that one of the greedy dolls was married to an airman who was to get some award for deeds of fantastic daring up in the blue, and the other's husband—as we couldn't help knowing—was in the Commandos.

Midge squeezed my hand and whispered, "Chump, stop listening. They're the kind who spoil things. Don't let them spoil this for us."

She was right, as usual. I wouldn't let them and I didn't.

While we waited we watched the sheep being ushered into the farther room where they were sorted out. One old lady with a fine but frightened face caught my eye.

"I'll bet you anything," I said to Midge in an undertone, "that she gets the George Medal. Some amazing gallantry in a blitz. Coventry like as not. Supported the roof of her cottage for six hours while they dug her old husband out. Something like that. It's really hardly a kindness bringing her here. The poor old dear in all her finery and trembling with nervousness. I'll bet she'd rather go through the blitz again."

I had quite a gulp in my throat.

Susan cooed like a flock of doves and was very good throughout the ceremony.

Midge nodded, understanding, and we decided to watch out for her and keep our fingers crossed that she'd get through her ordeal so that she wouldn't have to hate the grand memory.

The sheep had begun to file in down a kind of run along the side of the room. The Lord Chamberlain—or so we thought of him—stepped forward on the dais and told us what we were to do when the King appeared. His voice was firm and smooth and quiet. It was a treat to hear an announcement not made through a microphone.

Then the King came in. The orchestra tucked away in a corner played the National Anthem. We all stood up. The King was in naval uniform. He looked wiser and firmer and sterner than when last I saw him close. But he smiled, and made us feel that he was glad to be there, and glad that we were there.

By DALE COLLINS

I quoted my Russian friend a while back, and I suppose I'm really a parlor red myself, but there is something about a King like ours. Worth while to see the faces of all the people smiling back at him, without knowing they did so, while he invited us, in friendly fashion, to be seated.

The stream began to flow, shuffling steadily forward, up on to the dais, three paces, bow, advance, handshake, back one pace and off. At first they were rather stodgy. Men in tailed coats with bow windows, old admirals and generals and such. They'd done the State some service, no doubt, but they looked rather as if they knew it. The awards were announced by groups, and each recipient by name only.

My dear, gallant soul from Coventry was quite high up in the list. We nudged each other and hoped for her as she approached the dais, where it would be so easy to trip or do something silly if one were not accustomed to making public appearances. The firm, smooth voice said her name. A stir and rustle went round the room, such as none of the knights had caused. My poor, timid heroine was a famous actress whose services to the stage were being honored. My mouth fell open, and Midge twinkled at me.

"Darling," she said, "is your face red?"

The little orchestra was playing. It tootled on and off, starting up and stopping casual-like whenever it felt inclined. It played all kinds of oddments: "Coppelia," "The Gondoliers," "The Donkey's Serenade." It was a trifle quaint somehow to see the brave and the merely distinguished shuffling along to "The Donkey's Serenade." But homelike, too.

Strange to sit there on the little gilt chairs and watch the procession of heroes from all the Services. Most of them looked so young. Change their uniforms for civilian clothes and they would have been so ordinary. You wouldn't have glanced at them twice in a bus; you wouldn't have seen them had they been serving behind a counter.

But Distinguished Flying Crosses and Distinguished Service Orders and George Crosses and all the rest hadn't been earned by those lads the way peacetime honors come. They'd won them the hard way. I had to keep on reminding myself of that. No details were given of their deeds, but sometimes a name rang a bell and you discovered that this bit of a boy was the flying man who'd done so-and-so, or that that naval man or soldier was—and you'd marvel anew. Watching them file past and file past, it made you comprehend how utterly this was everyman's war, and that the high-sounding knights and warriors and champions of other days were now Smith and Jones—and, yes, Brown—whom the King delighted to honor.

And he made it seem like that. His smile never became set; his handshake and greeting were never mechanical. These men weren't just names and blobs of color to him; they were real, each was an individual. Long after I'd ceased to be able, try as I might, to grasp fully that this endless stream of uniforms was made up of individual units each outstanding in his or her own way, the King was still contriving to give each man and woman in turn the impression that the whole ceremony centred on him or her. I didn't envy him the job. Me!—I'll stay an Assistant Press Censor.

And as each stepped up there was a little stir among two guests, which said, "There he is—that's our Jim." Or Harold, or Peter, or Mary. "He looks easily the best. You can see the King thinks so, too." After their moments the rest was rather an anti-climax for that particular pair.

We had our moment, too, when my brother came along.

The King seemed to talk to my brother longer than to anyone else. Or that was the feeling we had. I suppose everyone was given the same happy impression.

But this I can say: the King spoke to him of matters which had nothing to do with his awards, of things quite long past, of things which were news to him, which showed that my impression was correct. Naval men in similar uniform, and looking very much peas in a pod, were two a penny that day. There was nothing special about my brother. But he wasn't just another naval man to the King. He was Brown—a person. So, it follows, the others were, too. It wasn't merely a matter of an automaton handing out bits of metal which were handed to him. The ceremony meant something. It's good to feel that, and feel it quite sincerely.

I am, I suppose, a pretty tough democrat, so you can count me as an impartial witness.

The unheated room grew chilly, the gilt chairs grew hard. I wasn't rude or ungracious or anything, but I was beginning to feel that it wouldn't be bad to move about and have a smoke and a drink.

This happened after an hour or so. But the line flowed on. That didn't worry the King.

When, at long last, we saw that no more people were coming out of the inner room I felt as if I'd done a stiff day's work. The last two of all were a couple more merchant navy sailors. They felt rather shy and foolish, occupying such a noticeable position. They were simple blokes who didn't court the limelight. The King soon fixed that. He detained them both, yarning with them. You'd have thought they were the only two people he'd honored that day, and that he'd received them in private audience, having spent the morning out in the garden reading a book.

You couldn't clap or cheer or anything in the King's home, but a lot of us would have liked to. Midge and I, anyway.

As we went out into the everyday world through the lines of beefeaters—those old lads had been pretty good, too, standing there stiff as ramrods for hours—Midge said to me, "I hope he's having a fine stiff whisky-and-soda like you do when you've finished a good job, bless him." We didn't name any names, of course—and be sure we weren't disrespectful.

The kid brother joined us, looking very young, and happy, too. He told us about the King.

Outside the railings, among the photographers and cameramen and what we could call on this occasion the General Public, old Pop, the father-in-law, was waiting.

"I just had to be here to see you come out of Buckingham Palace," he said.

Please turn to page 10

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PASTORAL

By

NEVIL SHUTE

BECAUSE SECTION-OFFICER GERVASE ROBERTSON refuses to marry FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT PETER MARSHALL, he quarrels with SERGEANT - PILOT GUNNAR FRANCK, his navigator, and SERGEANT PHILLIPS, his rear-gunner; his bomber R for Robert gets into bad trouble on a raid; and CORPORAL LEECH, his wireless-operator, is wounded.

WING-COMMANDER DOBBIE, hoping to smooth out the friction, sends the crew on leave. Gervase, deeply dismayed, tries to find a way out of the trouble.

Now read on.

IT so chanced that Gervase ran into Sergeant Phillips when she returned to the camp after her walk. In the last light of evening the sergeant was mowing a little bit of lawn outside the control office with a motor mower. He enjoyed mowing with the motor mower; it was gentle exercise and pleasantly mechanical.

He had hung about idle all the afternoon, cursing the close season that prevented fishing, till he had remembered the motor mower and the spring grass that had been growing up where they had had the lawn the year before. For an hour and a half he had been happy.

Gervase walked past him, hesitated, and turned back. She said a little diffidently: "Aren't you Sergeant Phillips?"

He straightened up, surprised. "That's right," he said.

She said: "I was sorry to hear you had that trouble after Mannheim. Tell me, what happened?"

He had been all through this in the sergeants' mess, several times. He grinned. "Seems like the captain and the navigator added in the date when they were working out the course," he said. "I was back in the turret, so I didn't see nothing of it. But we weren't going the right way at all."

Gervase said: "I thought you didn't do that sort of thing in R for Robert."

"We didn't used to," said the sergeant dryly.

This was a time, she felt, for plain talk. She had a Yorkshire background, and she was talking to a Yorkshireman. "I had a word with Sergeant Franck the other day," she said. "He had a moan about Flight-Lieutenant Marshall. He said that you were all getting fed up with him. Is that right?"

"We ain't fed up with him," the sergeant said. "Best captain I ever been with, up till recently. Then he got a bit awkward, but we all do that. We'll be all okeydoke when we get back off leave. I said so to the Wing-Commander—I don't want no shift, I said."

"I see," said Gervase thoughtfully. So Wing-Commander Dobbie was in on this.

Sergeant Phillips leaned against the handles of the mower, confidential in the half-light.

"'Course," he said, "this is a bad time of year, when you don't know what to do, and that don't make things easier. Up till March there was the fishing 'n that made a lot of difference, because we was all keen on that, 'n we used to go down to the river and do it all together, captain and all. It was when the fishing finished things seemed to go wrong. I know I hadn't got nothing to do with myself afternoons, and Leech neither, nor Gunnar Franck. And I guess the captain, he was same as all the rest of us and he hadn't got nothing to do either. It's weary when you don't know what to do."

She said, wondering, "I never thought of that."

She felt that she had to know everything now. It was nearly dark, and darkness gave her confidence. She said, "Is that all that's been wrong with Marshall? It doesn't sound much."

Phillips said, "I was talking to Gunnar. Seems like he had a bit of a dust-up with one of his girl friends, and she gave him the works. That's what we thought."

Gervase said, "You're right there. That was me."

The sergeant laughed, suddenly and boyishly, relieving the tension. "Better not tell Gunnar Franck that, or he'll wring your neck."

She said indignantly, "I didn't mean all this to happen!"

There was a long pause; there was no more to be said.

"Well," Gervase said at last, "I must be getting on. Thank you for telling me what you did."

"Okay," the sergeant said. He hesitated, and then said, "If I can do anything, any time, just say."

The girl nodded. "I'll let you know. I hope you have a good leave."

She walked up to her quarters, and up to her little room. She pulled the chair up to the table and sat down to write a letter; it seemed to her to be very urgent that she should do so.

"Dear Peter,

"I got your letter, and it was nice of you to write. Before you do anything about leaving Hartley I think we ought to talk it over, if you think it's anything to do with me, because it seems a frightful pity to break up your crew and not so good for the war. I'll meet you anywhere you say if you'd like to talk things over, if you give me a ring. But anyway, don't do anything in a hurry; things may seem different when you've had a holiday. They do, you know.

"Yours sincerely,
"Gervase."

Her letter travelled quickly, too quickly for her to have rehearsed her part sufficiently. She was called to the telephone during lunch next day. She lifted the receiver and said, "Section-Officer Robertson speaking."

"Peter Marshall here. Hullo, Gervase."

She said, "Oh—hullo."

"I got your letter. Look, would you like to have tea with me in Oxford one day, Gervase? We could meet at Fuller's in the Cornmarket, where we went before."

She said, "Isn't it a frightful bore for you coming all that way?"

"No, it's not. What about tomorrow afternoon?"

She said, "That's all right for me if I'm allowed out."

He said, "I'll take a chance on that. If you don't turn up I'll ring up again and we'll have another shot."

"All right. Half-past four?"

"I'll be there."

"All right. Good-bye, Peter. See you then."

"Good-bye, Gervase."

She travelled into Oxford by the bus next afternoon, reaching the confectioner's at exactly half-past four. She found him at a table in an alcove.

She said shyly: "Hello, Peter."

"Hullo, Gervase." She slipped into the seat beside him and took off her cap.

She asked for tea and cakes and waited while he ordered them, and till the girl had gone away. Then they turned and looked at each other.

He said: "This is frightfully awkward, isn't it?"

She laughed nervously. "You don't know what I've been feeling like on the way in."

"I do. I've had farther to come."

They laughed together, and the tension was reduced. She said: "Have you done anything about a transfer yet?"

"Not yet. I was going to write about it in a day or two."

"I do think it'd be an awful pity to break up your crew."

He smiled faintly. "That's what you said in your letter. I don't think that matters a bit; as a crew we aren't so hot just now. And you said something about the dear old war, too. I don't care two hoots about the war."

SHE stared across the room, feeling that he wasn't in a very easy mood.

There was a pause.

Gervase said: "We should miss you frightfully at Hartley."

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

She turned to him: "Everybody, Peter. I don't mean me especially. We'll talk about that later, if you want to. I mean everybody else upon the station. Everybody would miss you terribly—I mean, all the flying crews."

He stared at her. "Why would they miss me? There are lots of other pilots."

"But, Peter, not with your experience. And your own crew would be lost without you, Peter."

He said bitterly: "My own crew would be glad to see my back."

She said hotly: "That's not true, and you know it."

He grinned, and pushed forward a plate of highly colored pastries. "Have a bun."

She stared at him, laughed, and relaxed. She chose a pale eclair, and said: "Do you want to leave Hartley, Peter?"

He hesitated. "I don't know," he said, irresolute. "I used to like it there, but it's gone ropey in the last few weeks."

She said in a low tone: "Is that because of us?"

He nodded without speaking.

She turned to him. "When I said we oughtn't to meet at all, I thought it was the best thing for you, Peter. It's not that I don't like coming out with you—I do. But I thought it would be better for you if we didn't."

"Well, I've told you what I think. I think we ought to try it for a bit, and see how we get on."

"I don't want to keep you dangling on a string, Peter."

He said gently: "I wish you'd stop worrying about me. I like a dangle now and then. I'll drop off if I get fed-up with it—you see."

There was a little pause. At last she said: "My way hasn't panned out quite so well. If you really want it, Peter, we will try yours for a bit. But you do realise I'm not in love with you?"

He grinned. "I wouldn't know about a thing like that. Pat Johnson says you are."

She checked an angry impulse to say what she thought of Mr. Johnson. "Well, I say I'm not."

"All right, you're not. Have another bun."

"No thanks."

"And which one is it that you are in love with?" the old lady asked.

They sat in awkward silence for a minute or two, each wondering what to say next; the tension mounted till it grew unbearable.

At last he said: "Look, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll try it my way for a month we'll know by then whether there's anything in it for us or not. I won't bother you longer than that if it's not going to work, Gervase. But if we chuck it then, I think I really had better go away. We don't want this all over again."

She smiled faintly. "I agree with that."

He said: "You want me to come back to Hartley because of the dear old war, which you think can't get on without me. I want to come back to Hartley because I want to be with you, to see you, to hear you talk."

She said: "All right Peter." She was growing exhausted by the tension of their scene. She was shocked at the depth of feeling she had roused, the things that she had done to this young man. She was a factor in his life, whether she liked it or not; her whim could turn the entire current of his work.

Marshall sat up briskly and bit into a doughnut. "Okay," he said. "Now we've got to work fast. Will you come to the pictures with me?"

"Now?"

"Now. We've only got a month."

She smiled. "All right."

"Will you come up to town and do a show with me on Saturday, and go on to the Savoy and dance?"

She sipped her tea. It was then Tuesday. "I suppose I could put in for week-end leave," she said. "I'd have to stay with Aunt Ethel at Hampstead."

"If you're going to put in for week-end leave," he said, "you could get off on Friday night and come up to London, and we could do something on Saturday morning."

"I'm not going to work as hard as that," she said. "I'll come up on Saturday morning and have lunch with you."

"All right.

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CAREER CASUALTY

By MARIAN CASTLE

FROM four o'clock on, Roberta Waldron had ceased to be the efficient regional director of a Middle Western Government agency and was only a woman in love, listening for a telephone call.

Dr. Craig MacKenzie — the man she loved and the man she hoped was in love with her—had said he'd phone from the hospital and they would have dinner together.

Five years ago, when she divorced Phil Waldron, she hadn't dreamed she could ever feel like this about any man again.

The offices emptied. Even the switchboard girl had gone. When at last the telephone rang, a fresh agitation swept through her. That would be Craig MacKenzie.

"Hello," she said shakily.

"Is that you, mother?" asked fifteen-year-old Mary Leslie.

The gap was almost too wide to bridge, the gap between being Craig MacKenzie's sweetheart and Mary Leslie's mother. The soft mistiness of her face changed to a look of baffled exasperation. "Yes, dear. Did you want something?"

"I—I just thought I'd call. Will you be away again for supper?"

Roberta flushed. "Away again!" It was absurd the way the child could put her on the defensive. Craig was partly to blame—always harping on Mary Leslie's being left alone too much.

"The doctor and I are going to drop in for a bite at the Purple Parrot, and then he'll bring me home to dress for the rally," she explained placatingly.

"I—I could meet you at the Parrot, mother, if you wanted me to ——" Roberta could see her, perched on the little telephone chair, one shoe burrowing into the pile of the carpet. "Then to-night, while you're up on the platform with all the celebs. I could sit with the doctor——?"

Roberta frowned. If only Mary Leslie were young enough to be put to bed firmly! Or old enough so she could confess frankly to her, "I need all the breaks I can get, Mary Leslie. I'm trying to make the doctor realise he's in love with me!" But Mary Leslie was Mary Leslie, fifteen and moody and secretive and trying.

"We'd love to have you, dear. But let's make the party some other time. I've had a hectic day at the office, and there's still my speech to-night, which is part of my job. I'll be nervous as a witch till it's over."

No sound came from the other end of the line. Now what? "Mary Leslie?" she said with strained patience.

"Yes, mother."

"If you really want to help mother to-night, you'll stay home like a good girl."

She was ashamed of herself even as she said it. Using that pompous third person, "help mother," which took such a mean advantage of a child. But she had to have to-night for herself.

She was half resentful at the doctor, too. For if he even suspected that Mary Leslie wanted to go along to-night, he would be paternally delighted. In his benevolent way, he would spend the entire evening "drawing her out," leaving Roberta to feel lonely and waspish and drawn-in. Of course it showed he'd make a marvellous stepfather when the time came; but the time would never come unless she could be alone with him more often.

She heard a gulp and a hard little voice saying, "O.K., if you don't want me. 'Bye." The receiver clicked brusquely.

She got up and went into her private washroom to put on her hat, feeling aggrieved and tired and unselfish.

But as she tilted her demure cinnamon bun of a hat lower before the mirror, her resentment left her. Approvingly she decided that at thirty-five it was better to look tucked-in and sleek than wind-blown and hoydenish. She stroked her new dyed-ermine coat respectfully as she carried it out of her office.

The door opened. Dr. Craig MacKenzie stood there looking across at her with his direct, searching gaze. There was a curious, weighted silence in the room. Then he was across the room and had her in his arms. She was too honest to be arch. She kissed him back. A sweet violence gripped them both.

Someone entered an adjoining office. They broke apart guiltily. She stooped breathlessly to gather up her keys.

At the Purple Parrot, he was humorously impressed by her fur coat. "You look as fine as the girls out at the plant who work seven days and overtime."

She flushed, hoping anxiously that he didn't think—— After all, she had put more than ten per cent. into war bonds.

She made him talk about his own day. It helped him. Long ago she had discovered how great was his disappointment at not being in the war. But Procurement had said he was essential where he was.

He smiled across at her. "And you? The same old alphabetical rat race down at your place, I suppose."

They both laughed.

Then, because he had often expressed his impatience with the bureaucratic hoopla that was a part of her job, she said appeasingly, "About to-night, Craig. You mustn't mind if the bombast and flowery tributes get pretty thick. It seems to take a certain amount to keep the war effort rolling."

"I suppose so. Funny how we hate to do our share unless we can do it picturesquely," he said soberly. "Took me a while to accept it that my bit in saving the country was to stay home delivering babies and taking care of factory accidents, instead of removing shrapnel under bomb-fire.

"Everybody has to work it out—weigh it—especially women. With a family to look after, they've got two jobs. If they fail at one of them, they stand to lose the chief thing this country is fighting to keep safe—homes." He seemed to be trying to tell her something, to make her see something that was unhappily clear to him.

But Roberta saw what she wanted to see. She agreed readily. "Exactly what I told Mary Leslie one night last summer when I caught her sneaking in through the service entrance. She'd lied about her age and got herself a job in a defence plant."

"What was it you told her?"

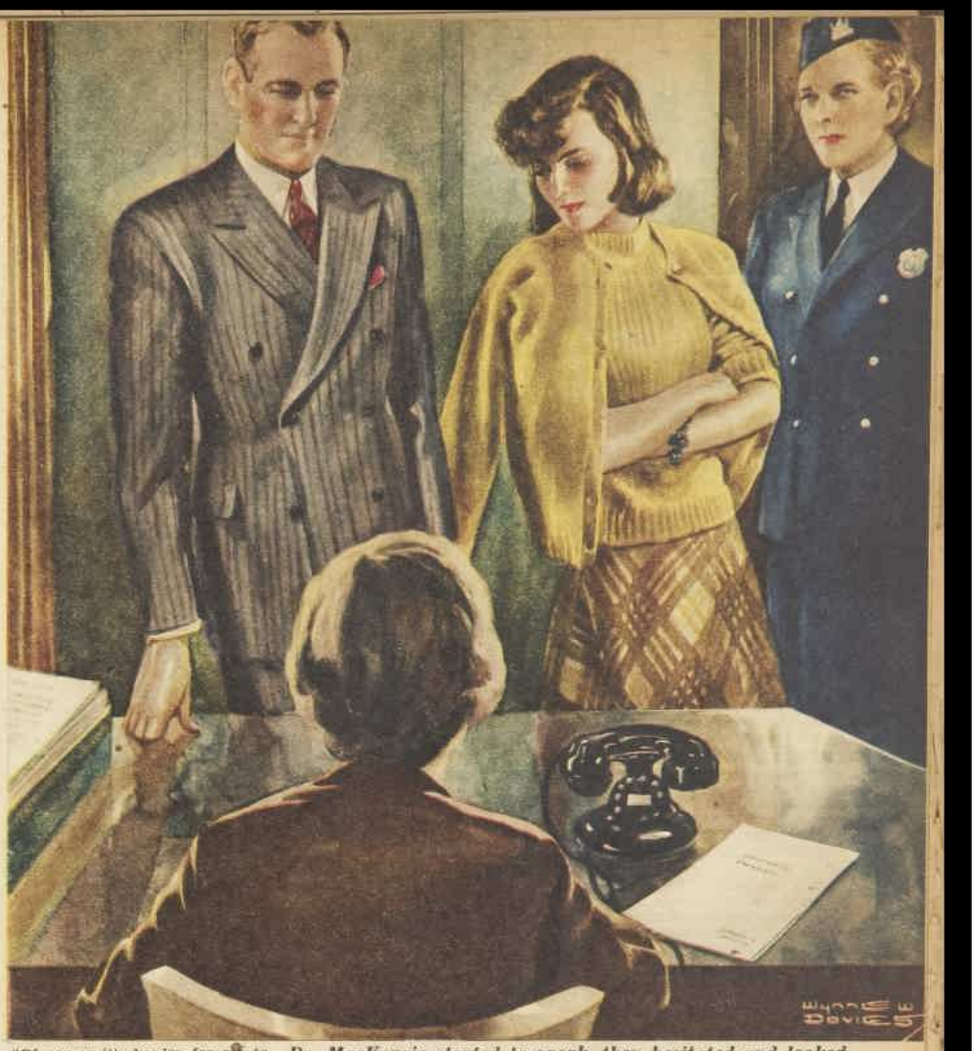
"I told her I was devoting my life to the war effort, and that she simply couldn't be Rosie the Riveter at fifteen. There was plenty she could do selling war stamps and collecting scrap."

"What did she say to that?"

"She sulked and said, 'In a little red waggon, I suppose!'"

He nodded thoughtfully. "That's what I meant about mothers having a double problem these days. The kids are bent on doing something big and personal and real. But how really to harness that dynamite——"

Oh, dear, he was going all benevolent social worker about Mary Leslie again. She flushed irritably.



Dr. MacKenzie started to speak, then hesitated and looked away from the girl beside him.

"Of course it's harder for me to handle Mary Leslie than it would be if I were just a home woman," she said with conscious plaintiveness. Let him think about her for a change. "But once this campaign is over, I'll try to take Mary Leslie in hand."

"Sometimes life — young life—doesn't wait," he said sombrely.

Things weren't going a bit the way she had hoped.

Then he reached for the salt; and she reached for the salt. Their fingers touched. His hand closed on hers—hard. They were two people—one very much in love, the other almost in love—staring hungrily at each other.

The spell lasted while they finished their dessert and drank their coffee, while he helped her into her new coat, and while they drove uptown together. It lasted until they entered Roberta's apartment and a blast of her best perfume rushed to meet them.

Success in her job and interest in a spectacular war effort blinded her to the danger threatening her child.

"Sit here and relax with the paper, Craig, while I go back to dress and cope with My Problem," she said with a whimsicality she did not feel.

She opened her own bedroom door and surprised Mary Leslie peacocking back and forth in front of the mirror. She was dressed to go out—a weird ensemble of earrings, exaggerated pompadour, and Roberta's lipstick.

The girl whirled, reddened.

"Where are you going in that get-up?"

"To Jo-Anne's to — to do our algebra," sullenly.

She could say something cutting about wearing twenty-dollar-an-ounce perfume to do algebra, but she wouldn't, decided Roberta.

"All right, dear," she said, evenly. "But don't be out late."

Mary Leslie did not answer. Roberta could feel the girl eyeing her warily. Such a puzzling combination! So physically buxom and—yet such a little-girl look. Perhaps she could have tried harder to understand her.

"I've got to rush, Mary Leslie. Start my tub for me, will you?" she asked companionably. "And get out the blue-sequin from the tissue-paper." Mary Leslie looked pleased as she went to comply. Roberta's fingers were flying. "Listen, pet. How does my speech sound? It's the doctor's favorite text, as you know. The war is not won; we women dare not slacken our efforts yet. What are we doing to help?"

Mary Leslie's eyes flashed warmly. "That's swell, mother. What are we women doing? With the boys going away—some of them never coming back — what can we do for them, mother?" There was fierce urgency in her voice.

"You'll have plenty of time to do things for them when you're eighteen and can be a U.S.O. hostess," said Roberta indulgently.

"I don't mean in the U.S.O. — I don't mean waiting till I'm eighteen." Mary Leslie spoke as though that were a generation away. "I mean——" The heat faded from her eyes. "Oh, nothing——" Her voice died away like the sound of a distant door closing.

But Roberta did not hear any door close. She was rummaging for silver slippers. When she came out, Mary Leslie was gone. Funny child.

"This generation!" she sighed later as she rejoined Craig. "I suppose we drove our mothers crazy, too, with our unbuckled goloshes and trying to be Clara Bow It-girls. But we outgrew it, so I suppose there's hope. Imagine dousing herself with my Brazilian Moon perfume, just to go over and study algebra with Jo-Anne!"

"You realise, of course, she was lying?"

"Oh, Craig! You're just working yourself into an anxiety neurosis about her!"

He smiled apologetically. "I hope so, Roberta—I hope so."

Inside the foyer of the drafty auditorium, Craig went to his seat on the aisle, and Roberta to the platform. She found herself seated between the mayor and the governor and across from a movie star and a famous naval flier. An excited flutter stirred her.

Everything took too long. When at last they came to Roberta, she spoke briefly and tellingly. As she finished, her eyes sought Craig's seat on the aisle. It was empty. What a shame!

But afterward she forgot even Craig. People swarmed up to congratulate her. In the midst of it, somebody wanted her on the phone, but the Press photographer was just saying, "Your chin a little higher, Mrs. Waldron, please."

All the way home in a taxi, a tired but gratified smile hovered about her lips.

As she opened her bag to pay the driver, she saw the crumpled slip. Oh, yes, the telephone call. "Craig MacKenzie," the slip said. How dear of him! He wanted to tell her he was sorry he'd had to leave. She'd call him the minute she was in her room.

Softly she opened Mary Leslie's door a crack. A cool night gust from an open window rushed out of the darkened room. The child was undoubtedly sound asleep.

Presently, settled among the pillows, she dialled Craig's number and waited happily. But only the barren sound of ringing went on and on in her ear. Craig's wife would be full of just such interruptions.

When she awoke, she looked at her watch. Heavens, she'd overslept! She pulled on a quilted robe and ran to wake Mary Leslie.

Please turn to page 10

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Continuing . . . Career Casualty

from page 9

THE girl's bed was smooth. Her eyes roved stupidly round the empty room. The window was still open, as Mary Leslie must have gone off and left it yesterday.

In her extremity, she called Craig. This time he answered. She poured out frantic mother-words of anxiety to him.

He let her finish. Then his voice came back, remote and judicial. "I wondered just when you'd discover she hadn't come home last night. That's what I phoned you about at the rally."

"But they were taking my picture—I tried to call you later——"

"I phoned from the police station."

"The police! Is she hurt?"

"Not physically, if that's what you mean."

"Then how—I don't understand."

"The police caught her in a round-up of those tavern juke joints on the edge of town. Disorderly conduct—with some soldiers. She didn't give her whole name. Just 'Mary Leslie.' I was the only person she said they could get in touch with. I went right down, but they wouldn't let me see her. She spent the night in the Detention Home."

"Oh, Craig, tell me—what can I do?"

"I don't know, and I haven't time to talk. You might meet me in twenty minutes outside the door of the Juvenile Court. She comes up before the probation officer then." He did not say good-bye.

Without lipstick and with her hair every which way, Roberta stood beside the water-cooler twisting her pigskin gloves to a rope as Craig came up. A different Craig MacKenzie. He hurried her by the elbow toward the door marked Probation Officer.

Craig muttered, "Better sit back out of sight. Remember, according to her, she has no parents."

Roberta couldn't have taken another step, anyhow. She sank on a bench in the back of the room, directly behind a high-backed chair. Craig went up front.

A plain, level-eyed woman entered, seated herself at the desk, nodding in a friendly way to the doctor, then to Roberta.

"A policewoman is bringing her in now. I'm glad you—and Mrs. MacKenzie?—are interested in this case, doctor. You've been helpful before."

The side door opened. Mary Leslie entered with a policewoman.

Roberta's nails dug into her palms. That couldn't be Mary Leslie. Her baby! Her throat muscles tightened. She mustn't cry or make a scene. Craig had told her not to . . . That pallid, hollow-eyed waif — Mary Leslie!

The probation officer took the sheet of paper which the policewoman handed her. She looked across it, first at the doctor, then at the girl, whose back was toward Roberta now.

"Yours was the only name she would give, doctor. You have had a broad experience with delinquency. What do you suggest?"

Dr. MacKenzie started to speak; then hesitated, and looked away from the girl beside him. Mrs. Lorton gestured to the policewoman to take Mary Leslie into the adjoining room.

When the door had closed, the doctor began with painful reluctance, "I know this girl well. She hasn't quite told the truth. She does have parents. They were divorced several years ago."

Mrs. Lorton nodded understandingly. "I see. And so she has always felt a little unwanted and insecure?"

Craig's halting words went on: "It has been necessary for — for the mother to work. She has a war job—out till all hours. The girl has been alone—a great deal——

"The mother could have done both jobs—a lot of women do. But I guess maybe the home job didn't have enough—enough hoopla. In the meantime the child matured too fast and became intensely emotional about wanting to 'do something' for the war—something compatible with her sudden grown-upness——"

"So we are doubtless lucky we checked that emotion in a tavern instead of a cheap hotel!" finished the woman. "What do you suggest, doctor?"

"The girl needs to be needed. To work hard at honest, paid work. She has a real knack with babies; and we've lost a helper at our day nursery. The matron could use her part time till school is out; full time after that. I'd like to have her released to my custody——"

Mrs. Lorton nodded. "Best possible solution. I'm going to let you tell her." She crossed to open the side door.

Roberta, through tear-distorted vision, saw Mary Leslie leap up from the edge of her chair and stand staring at the woman.

"WHAT are they going to do with me?" she asked through stiff lips.

"Mrs. Lorton is letting you come with me." Craig said gently: "There's an opening in the day nursery for a smart, capable girl. How can mothers work unless someone looks after the babies? We need you. Haven't I told you this war has got to be won by women as well as men?"

The sullen, bitter young face grew curiously immobile—cautious. Then it filled with look so piteous, so uplifted, so saved, that Roberta pressed her hands over her mouth to keep from crying out.

She saw Craig tuck the girl's arm through his as they went out through that side room. The voices grew fainter. There was the sound of a distant door closing, shutting her away from Craig MacKenzie and her child. She had lost them both.

(Copyright)

Pleasures and Palaces

Continued from page 5

MY brother took us to the R.A.C., where he's an honorary service member. We had drinks, and looked at the pretty thing the King had given him, under the table, surreptitiously. But it wouldn't have done to make him blush. He was going to put it in the bank next day. You don't take such pretty things into the stark world of the sea just now.

Pop went back to work, like a good citizen, and we had lunch. It was a cheery meal. Men are queer creatures. We allowed Midge to persuade us that though she had to get back to Susan this was my brother's day, and we should make the most of it. It was a kind of Cinderella business. When the clock struck three we abandoned her in the vicinity of the Piccadilly tube and darted off to the Windmill to gloat on the blondes. Pigs, admittedly, but you know how it is. Men are built that way.

A weary Midge dragged herself back alone to the breakfast washing-up and the napkins and the preparations for the evening meal. The ball was over.

I'm not proud of it, but it's true. On the other hand, as she consoled me later, although fagged and a bit down—she had Susan. 'Mid pleasures and palaces the cottage was home.

And now, because it's been a mixed-up kind of week, to another bit of news, though it's to do with the cottage and not palaces.

I mean Mrs. East.

You know how we've been trying every way to get a bit of help in the house. Everyone promised to send bodies along, bodies promised to come and didn't, advertisements in the local paper brought no answers.

"Darling," Midge said to me one day, "I've put an ad. in that newsagent's showcase. The one that was lucky for us before."

That was the one where we'd advertised for the cot, and got in touch with the little old French couple, with a jackdaw and sparrow for family. I told you about them months ago, when we first started yarning.

The same afternoon Mrs. East came along. She lived in another suburb but had come over that day to see about a job serving meals to schoolchildren for two hours at midday. Just by chance, wheeling her bike, she strolled down the street which she'd never been in before, and glanced into the showcase the way one does. Then she'd got straight on her bike and come out to us.

Mrs. East was the kind of thing that should have happened to little Midge and a little baby like Susan. She wasn't just an old black beetle who obliges and steals the tea and vanishes. She was a real woman—another of these gentlefolk that only England breeds. She'd never worked in anybody else's house before and had rather dreaded the thought of a mistress. One look at Midge and another at Susan and a third at the cottage, and her fears vanished. Midge and she fixed it up between them.

She's happy with us and we're happy with her. I never could stand those black beetles who oblige. She's great with Susan, too. She can bath her, if occasion arises, almost as well as Midge.

. . . . . .

I went to that christening rather heart-in-mouth. Christenings are by no means my line of country, as you may imagine. It turned out very well.

I'm sure A.P.C. Brown would count it very remiss of me if I didn't chronicle that the parson toward the end of the ceremony—when Susan was still cooing like a flock of doves and was very good—was moved to break off and remark with real enthusiasm: "What a very good baby!"

As godfather I was delighted. And his unexpected and genuine tribute made us all smile and feel at home in the church. A.P.C. Brown would wish me to point out, I know, that this was Susan's doing. And it was, too. Our leading lady didn't let us down.

The day was one of those only England produces. In the richness of early summer the cottage looked swell, and much as I'd expected it to be from A.P.C. Brown's yarns. In fact, so did everything and everyone. He'd certainly told me things. These dumb men sometimes have a native gift for words. Aboriginal, you might call it.

Very dubiously I'd taken Penelope along. Penelope, I assure you, doesn't frequent the suburbs and christenings, and the only cottages she knows are those in fashionable mews with a cocktail bar in the corner. Yet she seemed quite at home. Of course, the famous brother helped there. A great guy, salt of the sea, utterly unspoilt.

I looked across at Susan, cooing and smiling in Penelope's arms. I saw more than that. With that baby in her arms I really saw Penelope for the first time. I mean—saw her, though we've been meeting for ages. Penny, I thought, in quite a new way, not, you notice, Penelope, is lovely. Just—Penny!—like that! It rather took my breath away.

That dumbell, A.P.C. Brown, would claim that that, again, was more of his precious Susan's doing. I wouldn't know. But this I do know. A fine thing you've done, A.P.C. Brown, to one perfectly good bachelor! You and your Susan!

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Why Not Face Winter FITTER THAN EVER

SHE looks well, feels well and sleeps well, and the ills of Winter never trouble her. This splendid all-round health—a grand asset to-day — is experienced by all who make it a rule to take Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans give your system just the gentle help it needs to throw off seasonal sluggishness. Bile Beans not only ensure regular elimination of constipating food wastes, but also tone you up and bring renewed health and vigour.

Colds and chills need not trouble you: you'll experience the rich glow of real fitness this Winter if you adopt that finest of health habits—

Just Take Nightly

BILE BEANS

"Bile Beans did me good from the very first. The headaches and digestive troubles are now things of the past. I sleep better and get up in a morning feeling bright, happy and energetic. I never miss my Bile Beans at bedtime for to them I owe the perfect health I enjoy to-day. I look and feel years younger since taking Bile Beans."—Mrs. E. King.

Enchanting Eyes . . . Alluring Lips . . . . and Beautiful Hair

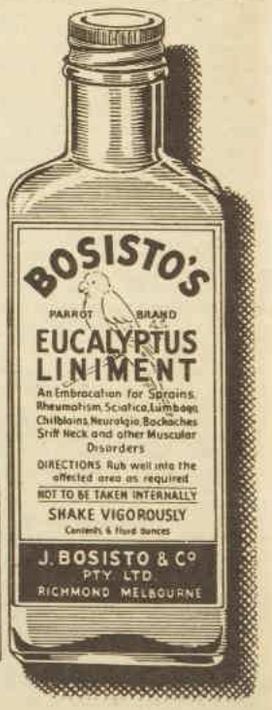
Make sure it's your "crowning glory" by using one of NAPRO'S 21 Hair Dye shades. NAPRO develops permanent colour inside the hair. Ask for NAPRO Hair Dye at hairdressers, chemists and stores.

napro hair dye

BOSISTO'S PARROT BRAND LINIMENT

For relief from Bruises, Strains, Lumbago, etc. A scientifically blended combination of warming and stimulating medicaments. This liniment worthily takes its place with the trusted BOSISTO'S PARROT BRAND EUCALYPTUS OIL which is its chief ingredient.

Two shillings is the price — everywhere.



BOSISTO'S EUCALYPTUS OIL

— your old standby for internal use and as an antiseptic and inhalation.

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Top-lofty

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STRIP-SITTERS OF THE S.W. PACIFIC

SOMETIMES we sits and thinks, mostly we just sits.

DIGGERS SHARE DEMOCRACY of strip-sitting with U Allies. Private R. Lowe (left) and Cpl. A. Rust.

By EDDIE DUNSTAN
War Correspondent for
The Australian Women's Weekly

PHOTOGRAPHER Jack Hickson and I recently concluded a whirlwind tour of the South-west Pacific. At least half of it was whirlwind.

In 60 hours' flying time we covered 10,000 miles. In the same number of strip-sitting hours we covered no miles.

Waiting for ships that never come in is a lively, exciting pastime compared with strip-sitting—which you learn all about if you go to the islands.

Heavy demands on the aircraft available and the vagaries of the weather are mainly responsible for the tedious hours of waiting, usually under a blistering sun.

The good strip-sitter is always down at the airfield promptly at 5.30 a.m. or maybe 4.30 or whatever dark hour he's told the aircraft will take off.

Long experience of strip-sitting may tell him he may as well amble down to the field about lunch-time. But no, he'll be there right on time — he and all the rest of the company who have kidded themselves they're taking off at dawn.

There's an urgency about plane travel that does that to you. You find yourself succumbing time and again to the strangely persistent illusion that you'll arrive at the airfield, climb into a waiting plane and dash off immediately in a roaring hurry.

But you don't—not up North, anyway.

You just sit and wait, frequently for half a day or more.

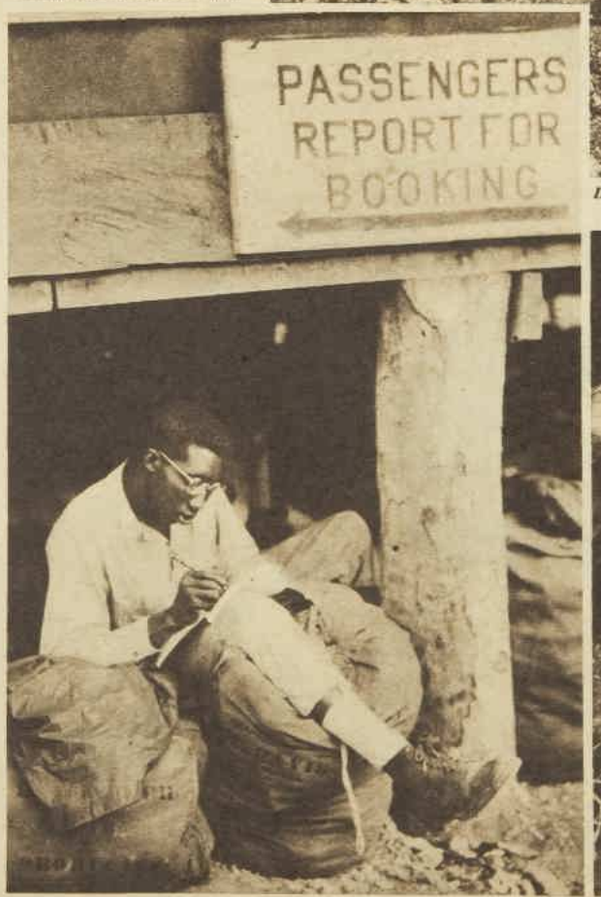
Hickson and I spent some of our strip-sitting time taking these pictures of our fellow "travellers."

Then we joined the queue for doughnuts and coffee.

This is the one diversion offered the strip-sitter. It is provided by the American Red Cross at almost every island airstrip. And it's a service that is deeply appreciated.

For it enables you from time to time to break the monotony by strolling along to the canteen for another cup of coffee and more doughnuts.

But there's a limit to the number of doughnuts even a strip-sitter can consume.



CHEMISTRY STUDY in between sits for U.S. radio operator Private Billy Trumble, of Sacramento. Billy is photographer in civilian life.

ASLEEP ON FINSCHHAFEN STRIP — U.S. Captains J. Pa nerini, of Ohio (left), and C. Tomaseski, Pennsylvania.

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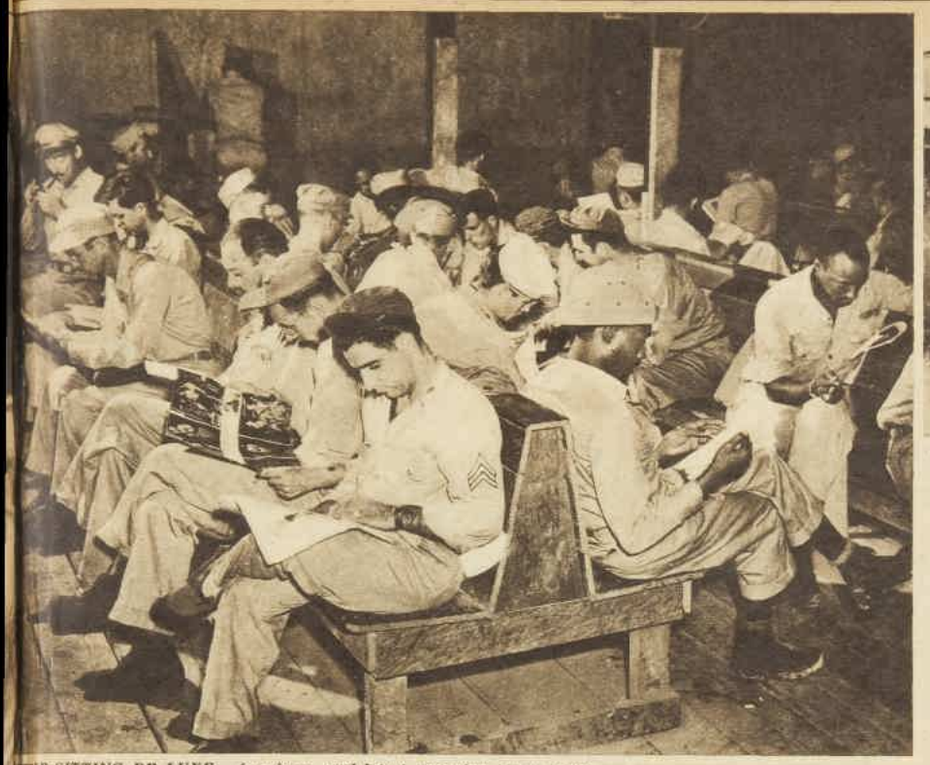
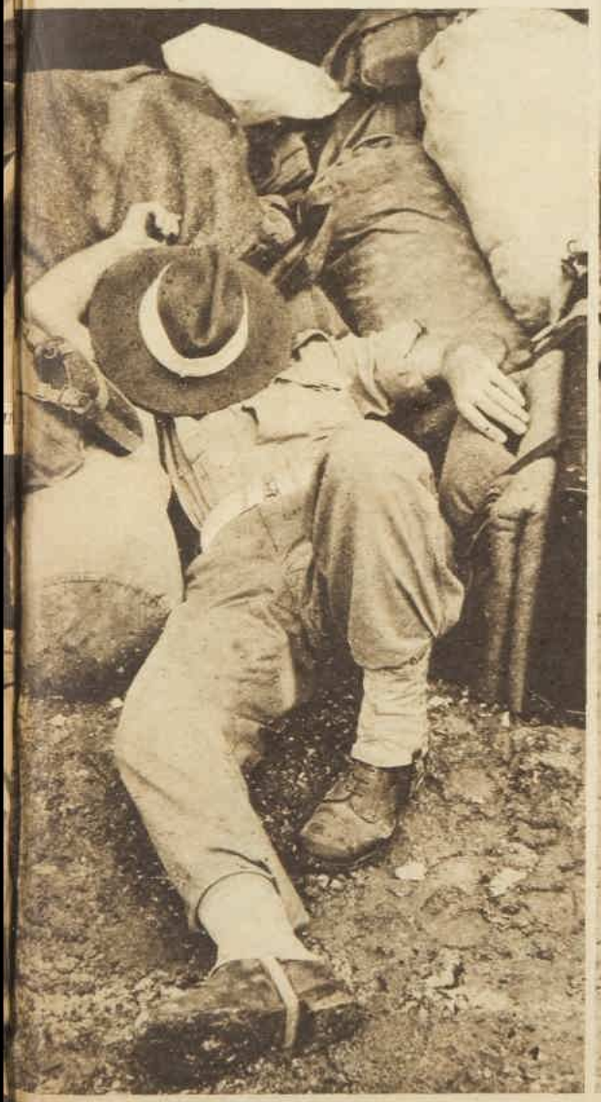


STRIP-SITTING DE LUXE. Americans read latest magazines in specially built waiting-room on New Guinea airfield.

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS QUEUE outside American Red Cross canteen is welcome diversion for strip-sitters.



TILTED OVER EYES, Pte. J. White, of Bexley, N.S.W., falls asleep after five-hour wait for plane to take him home.

PENSIVE. In characteristic strip-sitter pose, Cpl. R. Wojno sits out his four-hour wait on New Guinea airfield for plane to take him to Philippines.

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The next time you see Paris—

Suppose that you sit sipping coffee or an aperitif in the famous Café de la Paix. And suppose that you ask the beautifully groomed women, who pass by, the name of the maker of their favourite face powder. Most of them will tell you Roger and Gallet. For Roger and Gallet face powder is the most popular powder in Paris. Their latest product is now available in N.S.W., Queensland and Tasmania. It is Blue Carnation Face Powder. Blue Carnation Face Powder is made from Roger and Gallet's exclusive formula by experts trained in their Paris laboratories. Ask for it at your chemist or store.

Roger & Gallet's

BLUE CARNATION

FACE POWDER

The Powder with the Paris Touch

2/8 PER LARGE SIZE BOX

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WORTH Reporting

"If I can buy some eggs, I'll fry them with some bacon, if I can get any. That is, if I can get any dripping to cook them in for tea."

Horses in the air

TRANSPORTING of racehorses by air is a post-war certainty, according to well-known trainers and owners.

"Landing fields adjacent to the racecourse will be no uncommon sight," confidently predicts trainer Frank Dalton, of Randwick, N.S.W.

"Before the war packhorses were transported by air to the New Guinea goldfields. Apart from being a bit wobbly on their pins on arrival, none of them suffered any ill-effects, so I don't think air-travel would worry the racehorse."

"Racehorses don't get as sick as humans on trains or boats," said trainer Bayly Payten. "I can't see air-sickness bothering them any."

"TIME" service is the G.P.O.'s most paying proposition, according to Mr. W. Cannington, senior traffic officer at Central Telephone Exchange, Melbourne.

This line really burns between 11.30 a.m. and noon, and from 4.30 until 5 p.m., when extra telephonists are on duty to cope with the average of 1000 calls during each of these half-hours.

Time - seekers are mostly city workers using the boss' phone to find out how close the hour is to lunch, or whether it is time to go home. Central Melbourne also has a list of factories to call at one minute to twelve and one minute to five, with reminder to sound "knock-off" whistles.

Early morning Time calls have dropped from 600 to 500 a day with improved supply of alarm clocks.

Added glitter

SHORTAGE of costume jewellery gives an added glitter to your old paste jewellery both here and in England.

Miss Williams, on the London staff of the "Yorkshire Post," lived in Paris before the war, and bought quite a lot of costume jewellery.

"Now's the time to sell," she said.

"I sold a diamente clip the other day for £4. I bought it just before the war in the Rue de Rivoli for ten francs, equivalent of two shillings."

Servicemen surfers

WHEREVER there are Australian servicemen and the sea, there is a surf carnival, and often a life-saving club follows.

Well over 100 Bronze Medallions have been distributed among serviceman surfers in combat areas in the North, where surf life-saving clubs have been formed to reduce swimming fatalities.

Badges are now being made for the first organised club in the Solomons, and at Hollandia airmen held a highly successful surf carnival.

Banners for their march past and costumes were made out of old aircraft material.

The men practise every afternoon at 4.30, and after tea the medical officer gives a lecture on physiology.

Mr. J. B. Dillon, publicity officer of the Surf Life-Saving Association of Australia, reports that six New Zealand airmen have just received Bronze Medallions, and hopes they will be ambassadors of the movement in their own country.

In Queensland 90 Americans have formed clubs to patrol surf beaches.

★ ★ ★

AN American newspaper, emphasising extravagance of holiday-makers in Miami, illustrates some high-priced luxuries on sale there. One is a Russian ermine bathing-suit with an ermine-tailed umbrella to match. Cost for the set, £830.

Two divas

THE famous Edwardian hostess, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, in reminiscences "It Was Such Fun," tells a good Melba story.

Mrs. Williams owned an Australian crow, which was a great pet.

"I called her 'Melba' because, whenever Nellie Melba came down to my home and sang, the crow would insist upon joining in on the high notes. Sometimes this was terribly embarrassing.

"One day 'Melba' gave us such a fright: she flatly refused to speak or sing, so we decided to send for the doctor, when suddenly 'Melba' hopped on to a chair and, as she gave out a piercing shrill note, a large mouse came out of her beak.

"Some days afterwards my sister-in-law told the story to a friend who, she thought, knew both Melbas. But she was mistaken.

"We had almost forgotten the incident when one afternoon our butler announced Madame Melba. As I went to meet her she burst into the room in a storm of rage.

"At last I have traced this monstrous story to its source!" she cried. "I have been accused of many things before, but never, until now, of swallowing mice!"

Slot dog

"HOT dog" machines—similar to stamp and cigarette machines—may add variety to our night life some day.

You drop a coin in a slot, turn a lever, and a cold "hot dog" slides into an opened bread roll, shoots through a diathermy coil, and pops out of a chute cooked to a turn.

The machine has been invented by a San Francisco man.

Taught General his drill

REPATRIATED prisoners of war and airmen returning from the Middle East tell stories of wonderful hospitality in Bombay.

Flt.-Sgt. Gordon Balmer, R.A.A.F. photographer, who arrived home recently after four years in the Middle East, described a big dance organised by the wives of Australian jockeys, and held at Willingdon Sports Club, for repatriated A.I.F., R.A.A.F., and N.Z.E.F.

Hosts and hostesses included Mr. and Mrs. Billy Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Britt, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burns.

At the party he met Sir Hugh Clayton, one of India's big business men.

Sir Hugh, who comes from Queensland, recalled his early days here when as a lance-corporal he gave Pte. Thomas Blamey his first army drill.

Sir Hugh and his wife spend a lot of their time looking after visiting troops.

RAILROAD REVERIE

ALWAYS on a railway station,
I think about reincarnation.
And how, if I came back to earth,
I wouldn't ask for much at birth.
But just to be a person who
Could blithely check the luggage through
Without the frightful nervous strain
Of doubting it is on the train.
Unless my own eyes see the man
Put the darned things in the van.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

"FREED . . . Fed . . . Full . . . Fred" was classic alliteration in cable from P.O.W. to his parents in Melbourne last week.

He has just arrived in England from prison camp in Germany.

What London reads

THRILLERS topped the list of books most in demand in London Booksellers' Libraries last week, our London Office cables.

They include "The Shadow Falls," by Simenon; "Died In the Wool," by New Zealand authoress Ngaio Marsh; and "The Lady In Number Four," by Richard Keverne Aye.

Also in the book boom is "Stalin," by J. T. Murphy, "The Album," by Horace Horsnell, which is a collection of short biographies, and "Beyond the Chindwin," dealing with Burma campaign, by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, son of Sir Charles Fergusson, one-time Governor of New Zealand.

PICTURE STORY

Sleepless

Eatless

Hopeless!

Drink a cup of hot Horlicks last thing before bed. You'll sleep . . . and you'll also build new energy for to-morrow. Of course, some people wake tired even after they do manage to sleep. If that goes for you — read this.

35,000 heartbeats while you sleep!

All the time you're sleeping, your body burns up energy, keeping your heart and lungs at work. Unless energy is replaced, you wake feeling tired.

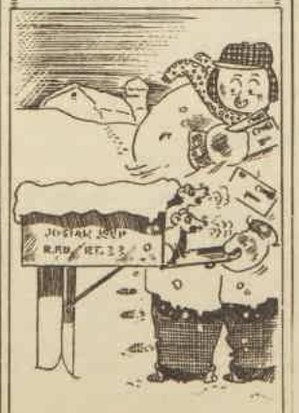
A cup of Horlicks before bed restores this lost energy. It pours proteins into you for repairing body tissues — and carbohydrates to build new energy. You'll wake full of life —when you take Horlicks.

Simply add hot water and mix well. In handy glass jars, or tins, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in country.)

Get HORLICKS to-day

SLEEP to-night — More ENERGY to-morrow

Animal Antics



"Hey, close that door!"

Help your Dentist . .

He's helping you all he can . . . to keep your teeth in order . . . under the most trying conditions of long hours and continual concentration.

With so many dentists in the Services, he has to do several men's work. So save his precious time as much as you can.

1. Make appointments well in advance and do your best to keep them.
2. If you MUST break an appointment, 'phone your dentist IMMEDIATELY.
3. See your dentist regularly — don't wait till prolonged treatment is necessary.
4. Between visits, give your teeth and gums proper care at home.

Obtainable from Chemists only.

. . and help your Smile!

For a winning smile you need white, sparkling teeth in firm, healthy gums. Brush them with Ipana Tooth Paste night and morning and firmly massage your gums with a little extra Ipana on the finger-tips.

2957

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Swim suit flattery in winter warmth

Once upon a time, a lady kept warm in a "cardigan". Now, a "cardigan" may be quite pretty or sporty-looking, but it has always been just a little bit of a Cinderella in the wardrobe. You see, ladies would never think of wearing a cardigan to enhance their charms. But that was once-upon-a-time before Jantzen put swim-suit curves into cosy winter coats.

This coat is one of them. Cut with the superbly simple lines that hall-mark the Jantzen swim-suit. (Jantzen never relies on tricky doo-dads.) But there has to be a lot of art to a simple line. Only Jantzen could take care of the bustline like this—and without appearing to do so. And the long sweep of the collar line down to the jigger button, followed by the very *slightest* cut-away, gives length. Hand-tucked cuffs for individual adjustment.

Ask for Style 5. Sizes 32-42. Price 33/9. Coupons 7. And, if you'd like a Jantzen pullover to twin with it, ask for Style 7. Sizes 32-38. Price 16/11. Coupons 6. Each of the twins in . . . Robin Red, Burgundy, Cyclamen Rose, Greystone, Vista Blue, Loyal Blue, Leaf Green.

Jantzen

Coats, Pullovers and Cardigans for men and women

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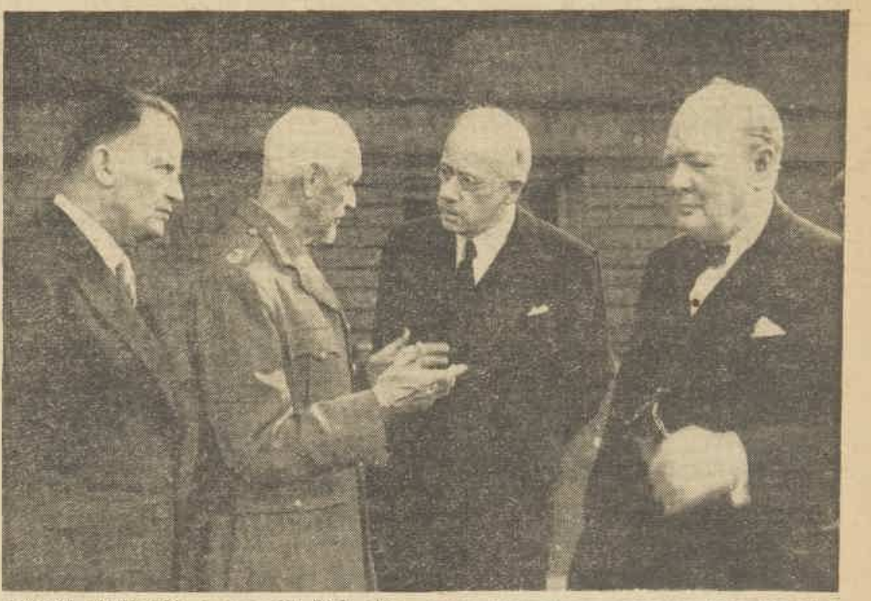
Mr. Forde certain of success of Conference

ONLOOKERS crowd round the Opera House in San Francisco, where the United Nations Conference is being held, as delegates leave after a session.



EMPIRE DELEGATES. L. to r.: Mr. Forde (Australia), Field-Marshal Smuts (South Africa), Mr. Peter Fraser (N.Z.), with Mr. Churchill in London.

Tells women of progress made to ensure peace they pray for

Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly

By the Right Hon. F. M. FORDE

Deputy Prime Minister, and Leader of the Australian Delegation to the San Francisco Conference.

I am impressed in America by the tremendous interest among women of this great country in the conference on world organisation now sitting in San Francisco.

Women's organisations have made clear their insistence that the organisation which will emerge from this conference will offer practical assurance of peace and security for the nations of the world.

FOR the most part they do not seem preoccupied so much with particular technical aspects of the Charter now under discussion.

What they want is an effective continuing effort made by freedom-loving nations of the world to banish the scourge of war for all time.

I know that the women of Australia are concentrating their attention on the real issues, too.

They want a workable peace-security machinery, but they, too, know that the constitutional machinery is only the beginning of the continuing struggle for peace.

Peace is something which has to be sustained day by day.

The conference has now been sitting for more than four weeks.

It has made very considerable progress. A lot of discussion has taken place.

But it has been fruitful and constructive. Many difficulties have been ironed out without any deterioration, indeed, with actual improvement of relations between several delegations. I feel that this is important for the future working constitution we are evolving—as important as the machinery itself.

After every war, representatives of all nations have to get used to working together in the changed circumstances of the times.

To-day we live in an entirely different world from that which has gradually been smashed in the past fifteen years.

This first big occasion for representatives of the free world to work together on security problems is consequently of crucial importance for the future of us all.

From my experience as leader of the Australian delegation I am still convinced that the conference will be a complete success.

Preliminary and side issues have been cleared away expeditiously and the real work of the conference has gone ahead very satisfactorily.

I fervently hope the future organisation we are bringing into being here will be as smooth and constructive as the work of this founding conference.

When one considers the background of world war destruction and mass slaughter, influencing the minds not only of delegations to the conference, but all members of Governments of the United Nations, one cannot help being encouraged by the fact that they can sit down at this time and produce a basically sound world organisation for preventing aggression and maintaining world security.

As long as the world organisation is backed by national wills as united in their objectives as in the national will expressed here, there can be no fear for the peace of the world.

The force of world opinion will be behind the organisation which will result from the San Francisco conference to such an extent, I believe, that no nation will dare to violate peace.

This world opinion to which I refer is not only the opinion of Governments as such, but is the opinion of every man and woman who loves freedom.

Constant stimulus

IT is the opinion of all men who have fought in this and the last war, the ordinary man-in-the-street in any democratic city or town, the opinion of millions of women who have lost loved ones, who have seen loved ones maimed and broken in two world wars in the last thirty years.

That opinion will supply a constant stimulus to the world organisation.

I would say that the most remarkable feature of the conference is the amazing identity of viewpoint on the broad principles which the conference has been called together to discuss.

Now friendly agreement is not spectacular—it does not make news.

News is made when members of the United Nations disagree. And so we all tend to focus upon and to exaggerate disagreements when they arise.

The reporting of the conference has to some extent proved that rule once more. I ask you to look rather to the widening area of agreement.

All the nations of the world agree that the conference must be a success.

This applies not only to the big Powers who have sponsored this conference—the United States of America, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China—but to other nations as well.

All are impressed by the fact that there is urgency for co-operation and maintenance of a world organisation for preventing war, because the horrors of this war are still fresh in the minds of everybody.

LEADER OF AUSTRALIAN DELEGATION, Mr. F. M. Forde, Deputy Prime Minister, who has written this special message in San Francisco.

Moreover, they have been on a tremendous scale, and have left few corners of the world untouched.

There is general agreement that the technical capacity to make more and more devastating war has reached such a pitch that civilisation could not survive another world conflict.

I know we said that after the last war. This time, however, we are entirely convinced of its truth.

Anyone who has seen the terrible destruction wrought by modern weapons of war or who has the personal knowledge of mass slaughter of civilian women, children, and men must realise that in any future world war there is no limit to the methods which could be devised to cause destruction and suffering, and no distance over which they cannot be carried to disturb and disrupt peaceful communities.

I think that women throughout the world realise this even more clearly and feel it more desperately than do men, for it has been the lot of women to suffer intense mental anguish in times of war without the compensating outlet, in most cases, of violent participation.

In this war women have been subject not only to this great strain, but also, in many countries, to bombing, shelling, and in some instances the tortures and horrors of concentration camps.

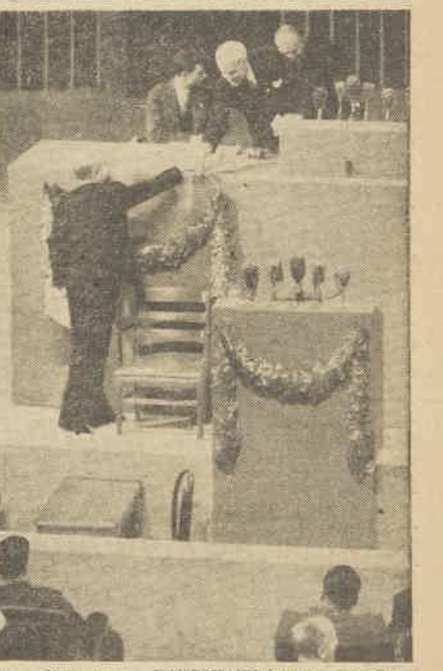
Even so, destruction from weapons is not the worst feature of this war. The most horrible aspect has been the machinery in concentration camps to torture women, children, and men who have committed no crime. These things are a reflection of moral corruption and moral collapse.

Live and strong

IN the future any nation, no matter how large or what geographical position, if unprepared and unprotected, would be an easy prey to a well-armed nation determined to dominate the world.

That is why the nations at this conference will bring into being an organisation equipped with the strength to prevent future wars.

Its success will be governed by the vigilance and determination which the Governments and peoples of the United Nations maintain to see that it remains a live and strong organisation, and by the degree of unity which will exist among them in its operation.



HANDSHAKE between U.S. Secretary of State, E. R. Stettinius, and Russia's Foreign Commissar, V. M. Molotov, is symbol of the co-operative spirit of the San Francisco Conference.

The Australian Government believes that there can be peace only through real collective security. The organisation which will grow out of this conference in San Francisco will embody that principle.

It will need to be backed by force of arms, and the obligation to contribute will have to be accepted by all members.

In future, acceptance of this obligation will be fundamental to the success of the world organisation.

Experience may show as the years pass that we could have produced a more perfect instrument than that which is being fashioned here. It will be surprising if that is not the case. All Governments may find flaws in it.

There may be changes we Australians would like to see, but I am optimistic about the birth of the organisation. I believe it will be generally acceptable, because it will be workable.

That, I am sure, is what women of the world are praying for.

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Editorial

JUNE 2, 1945

SORROWS OF EUROPE

AS the first exultation of victory faded, the world became grimly aware that the sorrows of Europe are far from over.

Everyone knew beforehand that disease, starvation, homelessness would be pitiful to see. Problems of supply and reconstruction loom as large in reality as they did in the most pessimistic forecasts.

Terrible as they are, these are practical matters with which hard work and resolution, knowledge and science can grapple.

Far more alarming are the thorny political questions which, even in the first few days after surrender, reared up to mock the name of peace.

Many of these problems are not new. They are the bitter dregs of ancient quarrels, ominous echoes of battles long ago.

The map of Europe has so often been redrawn with the sword of power rather than the pen of justice that every revision of its boundaries is a signal for the voicing of rival claims to towns and territories.

Over this dynamite of history legions of armed men filled with martial fervor are tramping again to-day.

Exhausted citizens of this unhappy world, still with a major war to fight in the East and the vast tasks of peace to encompass, stand aghast before the disquieting evidence of Europe's political turmoil.

Have the lessons of the past five years been so ill-learnt that any country can still contemplate settling an argument with guns?

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

Feeling the pinch of clothes rationing

THIS week-end we shall be handing in our ration books, most of them ragged round the edges after a year's constant wear and tear.

The new ones will be the fourth batch issued to civilians in Australia since rationing was introduced in June, 1942.

Rationing Commission, urging care of books, points out that 70,000 were lost or defaced in seven months of this ration year.

Curious stories of applicants for new books include that of a man whose young son had thought the coupons were stamps, cut them all out, and pasted them in an album.

Australians have felt clothes rationing more seriously this year.

Even those who were well stocked in 1942 find that three years have taken their toll.

Few people are now able to replace raincoats, and shops report little demand at present for articles such as scarves, ties, and handkerchiefs.

Mothers have great difficulty in keeping up adequate supplies of school clothes. This is a reason why a school-clothing pool in a Sydney store has been so successful.

Since last July more than £15,000 is shown on the books. The store acts as agent for seller and buyer.

Small quantities of D.D.T. on sale

A SMALL supply of D.D.T., the new insecticide, is being snapped up by housewives as soon as it appears in big city stores.

Quantity for civilians is still very limited because it is a No. 1 priority for the Forces.

Its manufacture on a large scale will mean insect-free homes, the end of bugs, fleas, flies, silver-fish, and moths.

Sprayed on wallpaper, or mixed with paint or distemper for walls it will kill all insects which come in contact with it.

It is manufactured in the form of powder and liquid.

Recent cyanide tragedies in Sydney have turned attention to it as a substitute for cyanide fumigation against bugs.

The N.S.W. Department of Health is now making experiments with that end in view.

No kapok until Java is freed

WHEN the Netherlands East Indies is again in Allied hands, housekeepers can look forward to a return to kapok from the Java kapok trees.

What supplies there were in Australia when the Japanese War began were frozen.

The available kapok went to the Services. It is used in the manufacture of floats, lifebelts, and fenders for ships.

Some Indian kapok has been available, but its disadvantage is that it has a noticeable odor.

Kapok trees commence bearing their "silk-cotton" at seven years, and continue, with average care, to give kapok supplies for about 50 years.

The seeds yield a pleasant-smelling oil used for cooking and soap making.

THE BRIGHTER FUTURE

A CORDLESS electric iron has been perfected in America, cables our New York office. Streamlined and lightweight, it draws instant heat from a brief contact with an electric unit at the end of the ironing-board.

A thermostat governs the exact temperatures for ironing different fabrics.

Among other promises for the future is that of windows which will close automatically when it rains.

Moisture closes a switch, starting an electric motor which gently lowers the window.

Ex-servicewomen's job choice

MOST of the servicewomen availing themselves of the Department of Postwar Reconstruction's training scheme are choosing jobs in fields already exploited by women—hairdressing, dressmaking, chiropody, art, teaching, and millinery, for instance.

Ex-servicemen, on the other hand, are inclined to seek fresh fields.

Many have taken up landscape gardening, interior decoration, fur cutting, industrial management, cinematograph operating, fluorescent lighting, dairy technology, and cafe management.

So far 4546 men and 423 women have begun full-time or part-time training.

Some people contend that the smaller training allowance is responsible for the comparatively small number of women.

Men and women without dependents receive respectively £3/5/- and £2.

Against this contention are put these facts:

- There are many more men than women in the Services.
- Many women on discharge take up home duties.
- Most discharged servicewomen can return to their former occupations, whereas many men, because of war disabilities, must seek new avenues of earning a living.

Explosive bags now baby wear

TEN thousand yards of white woollen material originally intended for explosive bags for holding powder in shells, were handed over recently by the Army to the Commonwealth Disposals Commission.

It is now on the market as much-needed baby wear.

The Commission released the material to a manufacturing firm to make up into children's garments for distribution to retailers.

The 10,000 yards yielded more than 7000 dozen garments.

Another Commonwealth Disposals Commission deal a few months ago provided a toilet goods manufacturing firm with just the basis it needed for making a good quality face cream from obsolete mosquito cream discarded by the Army.

YOUR COUPONS

- This week-end the 1943-44 coupon books will be issued. The following coupons, with the exception of the B clothing coupons (which will be negotiable until November 15), expire on June 3:

TEA: 41 to 52. MEAT: 97 to 103. BUTTER: 37 to 39. CLOTHING: SUGAR: 1 to 26. A1-56, B37-112.

Scientific exchange with Russia

NOW that the war's over in Europe, among the many things which will progress is scientific exchange between countries.

The recent appointment of Professor Eric Ashby as Scientific Counsellor at the Australian Legation in Moscow will facilitate exchanges of such information with Soviet Russia.

Inquiries from Australia for scientific information from the Soviet will go through him, via the Department of External Affairs, and already he has sent reports on progress in crop and soil research.

Example of the type of inquiry he may be called on to handle:

- Last year some Australian sufferers from rheumatoid arthritis read of a reported cure discovered in the Soviet. They wrote to the Department of External Affairs, which cabled for information.

However, in this case Russian research workers felt that their work on the subject was not sufficiently far advanced for details to be given.

The N.S.W. Department of Agriculture has asked the Legation to get in touch with Professor Vavilov, one of the Soviet's outstanding figures in Agricultural Science.

Before the war, and the subsequent establishment of the Legation, the department had direct contact with the professor and his colleagues.

Recently the department asked the Legation to request imports of the new type of blight-resistant potato developed in the Soviet.

In return, potatoes from Australia with a high seed-breeding standard will be sent to the Soviet.

Few kettles for housewives

FOR every 100 kettles which stocked shop shelves before the war there have only been two during the war years.

Until more manpower is available, housewives will have to nurse their pre-war kettles or make do with saucepans and tin billies.

Although small supplies of aluminium are being released to manufacturers, there are few skilled workers for kettles and saucepans.

Lack of manpower also explains scarcity of enamel or tin kettles.

Recently a representative of the Department of Supply and Shipping went abroad to investigate possibilities of importing domestic utensils, but found both England and America short in these items.

People who have booked passages to England have received advice from friends to bring with them kitchenware and crockery.

Services don't need so many gloves

THROUGHOUT the war years Australian glove manufacturers have been fully occupied keeping warm the hands of the Services.

Not only our own Services, but the U.S. Forces and the Dutch Navy have made heavy demands on their output.

Now Service requirements are less, and manufacturers are swinging over to civilian production.

"But it takes time. Don't expect full supplies right away," said one manufacturer.

Recently the Government partially lifted the prohibition on the import of gloves.

Before the war, dress gloves were mostly imported because at that time Australian factories were not equipped to make the finer types.

French gloves were outstanding in quality and fashion, while Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and, to a lesser degree, Germany, sent high-grade gloves to Australia.

The cheaper skin gloves were imported from Italy, the more serviceable type of skin gloves and most imported men's gloves came from England.

Fabric gloves of fine suede finish and of double-woven rayon came almost entirely from the Continent.

It will probably be a long time before lovely pastel skin gloves are available.

One of the chief difficulties will be the shortage of skins and pelts, the best of which came from the Balkan countries.

Interesting People

CAPTAIN R. B. TAPP

. . . Lancastrian pilot

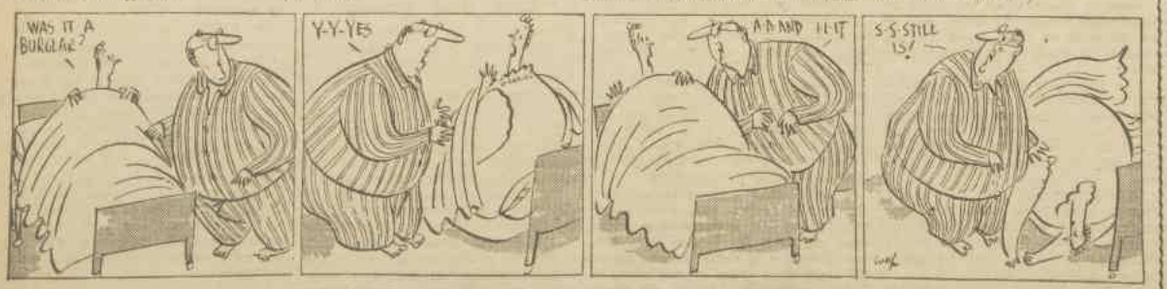
NEW air link with England, three-day Sydney-London Lancastrian mail plane service, by wartime route across Indian Ocean, will shortly be opened by Qantas Empire Airways.

The Indian Ocean crossing of 3500 miles is world's longest non-stop stage operated by regular service. Was established by wish of British and Australian Governments to reopen air communication interrupted by Pacific war. Captain R. B. Tapp, one of Qantas' most experienced captains, recently brought first Lancastrian mail plane to Australia. He took part in first Pacific ferry flights of Catalinas to Australia. In 1943, he flew first flight of the regular Australian-Ceylon service.

MISS M. K. FINDLAY

. . . architect instructor

BECAUSE of record number of architectural students this year, Sydney University has appointed an instructor in architectural draughtsmanship, Miss Margaret Keitha Findlay, Tasmania's only woman architect, she was chosen from applicants throughout Australia. Miss Findlay took her diploma at Hobart Technical College, is Associate of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, and was a council member of the Tasmanian branch. Recently she designed more than 60 houses for a big industrial housing project in Tasmania.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PLANETARY influences make Thursday, May 31, the most notable day of this week.

Its adverse vibrations are most likely to affect Arians, Capricornians, Cancerians, Librans, Virgoans, Sagittarians, and Pisceans, who are advised to guard their actions carefully on that day.

People for whom the present period of the year is favorable are Geminians, Aquarians, Librans, and Leonians. However, even these groups are not immune to Thursday's influences, and each one of them should stick to routine tasks then.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be cautious in your actions and speech on May 29, 30, and 31. June 2 (midday hours) fair. June 4 (morning) poor, June 5 (sunset) good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Consolidate past gains now, but avoid overconfidence, new ventures, and changes. May 30 (evening) fair. May 31, June 1 and 2 tricky. June 6 fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): May 29 and June 2 and 4 difficult. Routine advised. May 31 (evening hours) fair; rest of day adverse. June 1 (forenoon) poor, but balance good. June 2 (except dusk) excellent. June 5 (sunset) fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Beware of indiscretions, impatience, worry, ill-health, and loss on May 29. May 30, June 3 (evening), June 4 and 5 (day) poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): May 31 (evening), June 1, 2, 3, and 4 (midday hours) poor. June 5 (dusk) fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Live quietly. Obstructions, delays, and disappointments prevail, especially on May 29 and 31 and June 2, 3, and 4. Avoid changes and new projects.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A good period, but difficult days this week. May 29 (early hours) good; balance adverse. May 31 (evening) good; rest poor. June 1 (except forenoon), June 2 (except dusk), and June 5 all tricky.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Slight improvements now, but avoid overconfidence. May 29, 31, and June 1 and 2 confusing. June 3 (dusk) good; evening poor. June 4 (to 8 a.m. and after dusk) good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be wary now for enforced changes, opposition, losses and partings possible. May 29, 30, and 31, and June 3 and 4, disruptive. Live quietly.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be cautious, discreet, and patient on May 29 and 31, June 3 and 5. Routine best now.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Great improvements soon, so plan ahead. May 31 (evening), June 1 (except midday hours), June 2 (except round dusk) very good. June 5 (except forenoon and late evening) fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Beware of pitfalls, obstacles, and delays, especially on May 29, 31, and June 3, 4, and 5. A week for routine work and quiet living.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

★★ **The Climax.** Technicolor and a generally lavish production add considerably to this entertaining drama, with a background of the opera. Susanna Foster does well as the young opera star, and sings delightfully. Turhan Bey is aptly cast as the composer and Susanna's romantic interest. Acting honors go to Boris Karloff as the maniacal doctor who hypnotises Miss Foster.—State; showing.

★★ **Murder, My Sweet.** Neatly acted and packed with suspense, this thriller revolves round a detective (Dick Powell) who becomes entangled with a gang of blackmailers. Powell handles the leading role with surprising competence, and gets excellent support from Clair Trevor, Anne Shirley, and Otto Kruger. The pace is swift, and Edward Dmytryk's direction tense.—Empire; showing.

The Big Bonanza. A capable cast struggle along in the same old sort of Western, with the same time-worn plot. Richard Arlen is the stalwart hero, Robert Livingston the unscrupulous lad, Jane Frazee the dance-hall queen, and Gabby Hayes provides the feeble comedy. Bobby Driscoll is fine as Arlen's kid brother.—Lyric; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key, isle of "walking dead" (Kordies), by
BARON KORD: Who wants to marry Narda.
TRINA: Kord's sister, befriends the three captives at great risk.

Planning escape, Mandrake and Lothar pretend they have drunk a liquid given them by Kord, and have become Kordies. Trina is about to warn Narda that they are only acting when Kord, elated by his triumph, bursts in, saying to Narda, "I have a surprise for you."

NOW READ ON:

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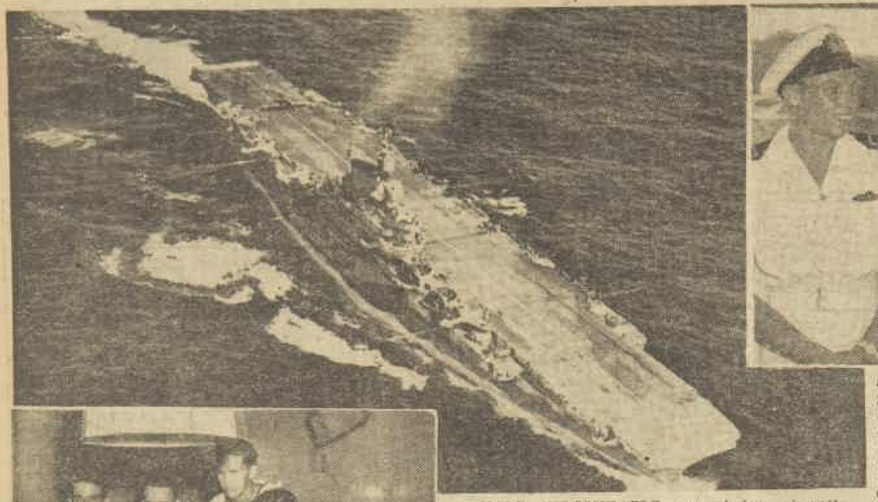
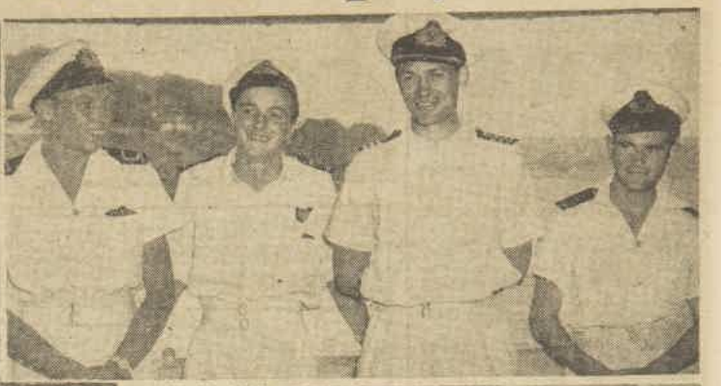
Mighty R.N. aircraft-carriers are aptly named



H.M.S. INDOMITABLE, one of four aircraft-carriers with the British Pacific Fleet.
—British Dept. of Information photo.



FLEET AIR ARM personnel on Indomitable. From left: Sub-Lieuts. A. Hunt, C. Davies, Cmdr. Tom Jameson, Commander Operations, Sub-Lieut J. Hawkins.

SOME OF THE MEN on the aircraft-carrier. They have seen service in the seven seas.

SQUADRON RATINGS push a plane into position on the flight-deck of H.M.S. Indomitable.

They're Illustrious, Victorious, Indefatigable and Indomitable

By BETTY NESBIT

With names that sound like a roll of drums, four of His Majesty's aircraft-carriers, Illustrious, Indefatigable, Indomitable and Victorious sailed into Sydney early in the year after attacks on the Dutch East Indies.

Their coming was an earnest of the tremendous forces that will be diverted to the Pacific, now that the European war is over.

After their visit here they all went into action against islands of the Sakishina Group last month.

IT was the first time that these great seagoing airfields had been seen in Australian waters, and lying at anchor or alongside wharves they made an exciting picture for waterside dwellers.

Their oddly shaped square bows, with two large openings like eyes on either side, give the impression of some strange sea animal.

When I went aboard one of these carriers (the Americans call them flat-tops), H.M.S. Indomitable, I met the young but tough men of the Fleet Air Arm, who wear naval uniform, with the gold letter "A" in a loop on the braid on their sleeve. They hold naval ranks, and air crew wear gold wings on their tunics.

Their talk contains a mixture of R.A.F. and naval expressions, and when they say "upstairs and downstairs" instead of "below" or "on deck" no one seems to mind.

Planes that land in the sea are said to have "ditched," and a bad landing is known as a "prang," as in the Air Force.

A plane, however, flies at so many knots and not miles per hour.

I wondered how anyone found their way round the huge carrier.

British naval war correspondent Mr. Alec J. McWhinnie, of London, who has been reporting the activities of the Eastern Fleet, has lived on the carrier for some time. He said he worked out seven different ways to get to his cabin.

"It's so far to the wardroom that I often go without a meal rather than make the grand hike to and from. Believe me, I've plodded many weary miles," he said.

The greatest hazard for me, wearing skirts, was the sills. These are raised pieces of steel which are built to prevent the water rushing along the companionways when waves break over. In this carrier, they were about 18 inches high.

There are many decks in a carrier, the upper and lower hangar decks, which run, respectively, the full length and half the length of the ship, the platform deck, lower, main deck, decks which run round the sides of the hangar, and finally the flight deck where the planes take off.

Standing in the middle of the hangar, looking along its vast space, it was difficult to realise that I was in a ship. On either side of the hangar were the bombers, American Avengers, with their wings folded like those of locusts, so as to take up minimum space.

Working on the planes were ground staff, who combined Navy and R.A.F. in their name of "squadron ratings."

When the carrier is at sea, one of the most important jobs is to see that all planes are thoroughly lashed down. Ratings are always on duty in a hangar to see that no plane breaks loose.

Some of the fighter planes in the hangar had typically English names, which contrasted strangely with the name of their make, Hellcat.

"Black Prince" was one; "Elizabeth" another; and on one "Nan" was painted in elegant Gothic type.

Planes are taken to the flight deck from the hangars by a huge lift.

I stood on one of these lifts, and in a few seconds came out on to the deck.

"What a size it is!" I said, but one of the pilots, Sub-Lieut. John Hawkins, of Cambridge, laughed, and said: "It looks darn small, just like a postage stamp, when you're coming to land."

It is the immense deck space which makes aircraft-carriers so hot, for the sun streams down on the full length of the carrier.

The only obstruction on the flight deck is the structure which rears up on the starboard side.

It is known as "the island," and from here operations are directed.

Going into the "island" we climbed up a practically perpendicular steel companionway to the operations room, from where the planes are directed during action.

It is the sea cabin of the Commander Operations, a handsome blue-eyed Irishman, Commander Tom Jameson.

During operations he is constantly on duty, and sleeps and eats in this cabin, which contains a chart table and wireless equipment.

From the cabin one has a clear view of the flight deck and the planes as they take off and return.

The greatest strain in naval flying is the landing. A pilot may be in action for three or four hours. His nerves are usually pretty keyed-up, and then he has to fly back and find his carrier, which is continually moving round.

"And then he has to make the landing. If the weather is rough it is a difficult job," said the carrier's captain, Captain J. A. S. Eccles, C.B.E., R.N.

The pilot works in close conjunction with Deck Landing Control Officers, who are familiarly known as the "batsmen," because with large white bats, like ping-pong bats, they indicate to the pilot when to land, whether he is too high, too low, or flying at too high a speed.

GIRLS AT U-BOAT SURRENDER

THE eyes of a German rating in U249—first U-boat surrendered to the British Navy—nearly popped out of his head when he saw Australian-born Wren, Chief-Officer Nancy Osborne, of Sydney, standing beside the Admiral who had come out into Weymouth Bay to receive the surrender.

Fritz had been ordered to line up with other ratings on the deck of the U-boat, with their backs turned toward the Admiral's barge, but he could not resist a peep at his conquerors over his shoulder.

"He had no sooner spotted me than he realised with astonishment that the barge was manned entirely by girls, mostly in their teens," Chief-Officer Osborne said.

"He nudged the man beside him, and presently the whole line of men was glancing backward."

Admiral R. J. R. Scott, C.B., had specially instructed Chief-Officer Osborne to accompany him on this historic trip, as a gesture of recognition of the part she and the Wrens of Portland area under her command played in forcing that U-boat surrender.

RADIO 2GB SPECIALS

SUNDAY 7.13 P.M. "The Man I Might Have Married"

MONDAY 8.30 P.M. TERRY HOWARD with DENIS COLLINSON'S ORCHESTRA "Lasting Loveliness"

TUESDAY 12.45 P.M. 'THE DEFENDER' Radio adaptation of F. J. Thwaites' enthralling novel. Mon. to Thurs., 12.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY 8.45 P.M. "Dr. Mac" Lovable personality with a kindly heart. Mon. & Wed., 8.45 p.m.

THURSDAY 12 NOON "GREEN MEADOWS" The story of a city schoolteacher's activities in the country. 12 noon, Monday to Thursday.

FRIDAY 8.30 P.M. "CAN YOU TOP THIS?" Outstanding Laugh Show compered by JACK DAVEY . . . also featured: Charles Lawrence — Jack Lumsdaine — Frank Ryan.

SATURDAY 9.30 P.M. "HILL-BILLY ROUND-UP" Songs from the hills and plains.

KEY STATION OF THE MACQUARIE NETWORK

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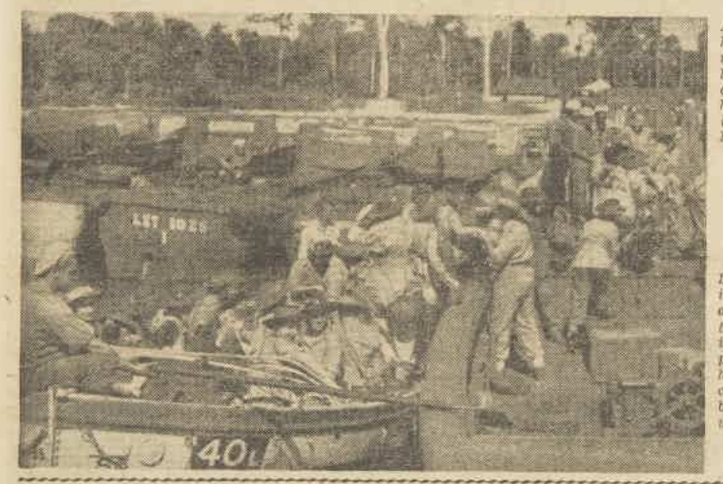
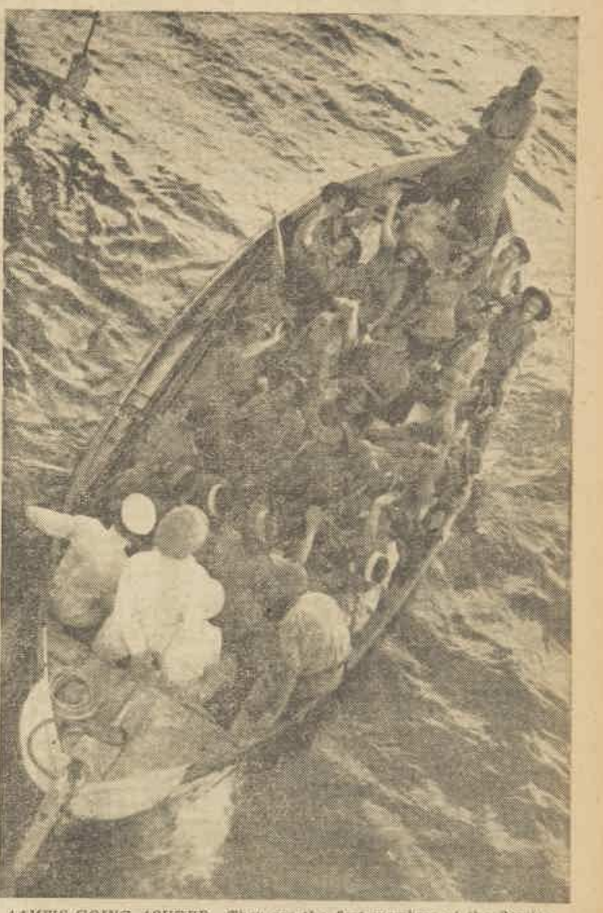
In N.E.I. to nurse wounded from Borneo



AAMWS who will help to nurse wounded Australians from Borneo arrive at their hospital on an island in the Netherlands Indies.

★

LIFEBOAT landing for nurses and Aamws who travelled to the island by hospital ship. The hospital, all under canvas, was still being erected when they arrived.



AAMWS GOING ASHORE. They are the first members of the Service to be sent north of the equator, though some of them have already seen service in New Guinea.

Woman kept Nazis in order on Sark

DAME OF SARK, Mrs. Sybil Mary Hathaway.

CASTLE where rulers of Sark have lived for centuries.

Islanders saved from starvation by their feudal ruler

By cable from our London office

Smallest but not the least loyal member of the British Empire is the island of Sark, off the Normandy coast.

WHEN British troops poured ashore the other day freeing this and other Channel Islands from the Nazis, they learned how well a woman had guarded Sark and its people.

The Dame of Sark had "fought them all the way."

This eagle-eyed, grey-haired, middle-aged woman of gracious manner, Mrs. Sibyl Mary Hathaway, has been accustomed to complete dominion over this lovely islet and its five hundred people.

For seven and a half centuries her father and his forebears, under a system of feudal government, untouched since the Middle Ages, untrammelled even by Westminster (for the Channel Islands are Crown Dependencies owing allegiance only to the King), had defended the sea-torn, rocky coasts doughtily, beaten off French invaders and Cromwellian anti-Royalists.

When, in 1940, German armies overran France, she was not going to bow even before the grim-faced envoys of Hitler.

She and her seneschal, supported by their Norman-Breton people, would have seized the intruders and locked them up in the two tiny cells of Sark prison, but it was impossible.

Her heir, Lionel Collings Beaumont, son of her first husband, and who will succeed her as the ruler of Sark, with the title "Seigneur," was away with the R.A.F. as a flight-lieutenant. So were the rest of the young men of the island.

They had no arms, unless you counted a bronze culverin (cannon) which Queen Elizabeth sent to them in 1572.

So the Nazis came ashore, armed to the teeth, bringing huge pieces of heavy artillery, vast quantities of mines, and all the other paraphernalia of blitzkrieg warfare.

All the Dame of Sark could do was to keep them reasonably in order. She did so.

Congratulations

THE liberators found her people the best treated and best fed of all in the five Channel Islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Herm, and Sark.

Home Secretary Morrison, representing the King, called and congratulated her.

The German commander of Sark found this lady had a strong personality. She demanded with regal force the right to retain her jurisdiction over the islanders and their affairs. She got it.

When the Germans of Sark found themselves by-passed by the D-Day invasion but cut off from their supplies from France, they began to demand food supplies. The Dame questioned every demand, scrutinised it in detail, bargained with and beat down the requisitioning officer.

Whatever happened, she was determined the people of Sark should not go short.

As the Allied Armies streamed across France the Nazis grew more desperate and demanding.

Only the powerful personality of Mrs. Hathaway stood between the islanders and starvation, which people of the other islands were already enduring as a result of the Germans' obvious intention to feed well whoever else went hungry.

Those were days of deadly peril. The Allies could not relieve the cliff-girt island because, as the islanders well knew, to take it by storm would involve a pulverising bombardment which would have destroyed not only the dug-in garrison, but the islanders and their homes.

And even when news came of the general surrender the fear remained. The commander of 27,000 Nazis distributed among the islands, Admiral Hoffmeyer, at first ignored the radioed British demand, and said he would fight on.

All through one Monday night people on the island listened to preparations for a Nazi "fight to the death." Artillery was made ready, last mines laid.

But in the sunshine of Tuesday morning Hoffmeyer's officers could not face with him the prospect of certain death. They presented an ultimatum. Hoffmeyer hopelessly agreed he would sign on the dotted line of the instrument of surrender. Sark was safe.

MRS. HATHAWAY and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Beaumont, with their dogs.

Soon came sixty ships, bringing food and British soldiers.

To their chagrin, the Germans on Sark were handed over to the jurisdiction of the Dame.

"You can now tidy up the mess you have made," she told the German commander severely. And with her seneschal she saw that they did.

They repaired her telephone, gave back to her tenants the horses they had intended to eat, and removed the mines from the cliff-top.

So once more the people of Sark could go about their business.

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J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727843

JACK DAVEY, compere of the new show, "Can You Top This?" heard every Friday at 8.30 p.m. from station 2GB.

Chance to win a £5 prize

A new laugh show "Can You Top This?" is heard from station 2GB every Friday at 8.30 p.m.

Listeners have a chance of winning £5 in this session, which is compered by the inimitable Jack Davey.

FOUR or five funny stories or jokes are selected each week from those sent in and are used as the foundation of the programme.

On stage in the Macquarie Auditorium are gathered, in addition to Jack Davey, a team of radio's best-known yarn-spinners.

They are Charlie Lawrence, Jack Lumsdaine, and Frank Ryan, and their job is to top the contributors' jokes with some of their own, if they can.

Jack Davey opens the session by telling one of the jokes or stories sent in.

Then each of the other radio funny team tells a story and the results are measured by a laughometer which registers the amount of laughter in the auditorium.

If a listener's joke gets a bigger laugh than that of one of the stage team, the sender receives £5.

If one of the professional raconteurs gets more laughter from his effort the listener's award is reduced to £1.

Thus any person whose story is accepted for the session must win at least £1.

Jack Davey is such a favorite with radio audiences that his presence in a programme is enough to ensure its success.

His ready repartee is always popular with an audience, and he is never at a loss for the right quip.

Supported by such an experienced team, he presents a programme that will delight listeners.

Already many hilarious stories have been received from radio fans for inclusion in the session.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 30: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, May 31 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, June 1: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, June 2: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, June 3 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, June 4: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."
TUESDAY, June 5: "Music From Other Lands."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Fashion PATTERNS

★ PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"PHILLIPA"

ATTRACTIVE FROCK IN ALL-OVER CONVENTIONAL FLORAL

This dainty frock, fashioned in a medium-weight crepe of unusual design, is available in predominating shades of blue, pink, gold. These are multicolored. Squares measure about 1½in. and overlap.

"PHILLIPA" features a high-fitting neckline, shaped shoulder yoke with self-frilled finish, wide extended shoulders, and three-quarter bracelet sleeves. Bodice shows fullness over bust and low-fitting hipline. From this the skirt is gathered and slightly flared.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/4/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £3/10/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in bust, £2/10/3 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/16/3 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in order to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "PHILLIPA": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 3488, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust, hip and length measurements.

F7400

F7400.—Charming little blouse with slenderising tucks. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F881.—Unusual and dressy shirt-style frock. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F881

F816.—Beautifully cut suit and blouse. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. wide for suit, 1⅞yds. 36in. wide for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F816

F2586.—New, attractive, form-fitting winter style with full skirt. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. wide and 10yds. ribbon. Pattern, 1/10.

F2485.—Smart box coat. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2485

F2586

F2474.

MEN'S BRIEFS

Sizes SM, M, and OS. Requires 1½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2474

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 599—BOYS' OVERALLS

This ready-to-make comes to you with the pattern clearly traced on a tough-wearing American cotton. Shades available are copen-blue, natural sandalwood, bluestone, and green. The snug design shows a high neckline with turn-down collar, long sleeves fastened at the wrist, front buttoning, self-belted waistline, long, roomy trousers.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 6/11 (6 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/6 (7 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 7/11 (7 coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

No. 600—SMALL BOY'S SUIT

With the pattern clearly traced on the hard-wearing American cotton in attractive shades of mid-blue, lemon, light green, natural, or plain white, this chic little suit is all ready to cut out and make up.

Design shows a small, high collar, tucked shoulders, and short sleeves. Trousers are self-belted and straight.

Sizes 1 to 3 years, 6/3 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 6/9 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/6 (5 coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

599

600

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BRAHMS EVENING. Mrs. Isabel Henchman (at piano) and Mrs. David Roper looking at songs to be sung by Mr. Alfred Lorence at Woollahra Music Club's Brahms Evening this Wednesday. Mrs. Henchman is accompanist.

FAREWELL GIFT. Lady Wakehurst (right) was presented with diamond brooch and diamond wristlet watch at farewell party at Trocadero organised by National Council of Women. Chairman of the presentation committee, Lady Reading (left), is with Lady Wakehurst. One hundred and eighty-five organisations were represented in the presentation.

CANBERRA PARTY. Mrs. M. J. Moir (left), Lady Clive (Lady-in-Waiting to Duchess), Lady Cross and Mrs. Asjes, wife of C.O. of N.E.I. Air Force, at fancy-dress party Karina youngest daughter of British High Commissioner and Lady Cross, gives at her home to celebrate her third birthday. Small hostess is seen at right of picture.

CAKE TONES WITH DRESS. Maurice Griffiths and his bride, formerly Janice Rose, cut three-tiered ice-blue wedding cake at reception at State Ballroom. Cake tones with bride's gown, which is also ice-blue. Couple now honeymooning on Barrier Reef.

On and Off Duty.

WARM friendliness of the Governor, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst makes formal reception at Town hall held in their honor one of the happiest social functions to be held here for many years.

Nearly 2000 guests attend, and every face is familiar to guests of honor. As they enter Town Hall to walk down red-carpeted laneway to dais, Lady Wakehurst's face beams with smiles as she bows to many of her closest Sydney friends.

Pastel dinner-gowns worn by Lady Wakehurst and Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Neville Harding, complement one another. Lady Wakehurst appears in beautiful frock of mushroom-pink crepe encrusted with opalescent sequins and beading—while Mrs. Harding chooses lovely dress of draped powder-blue flat crepe.

Worn for the first time at a formal engagement were Lady Wakehurst's diamond wristwatch and brooch, which she received as farewell gift from women's organisations in New South Wales.

• • •

SYDNEY grieves the death of one of its most beloved figures—Miss Mary Fairfax, who died at her home, Ginahgulla, Bellevue Hill, at the grand age of 86 years. Her gentle little white-haired figure could be seen moving alertly at nearly every charitable function held in Sydney. Not only will her Australian friends mourn her passing, but also many of the servicemen and servicegirls from other countries, to whom she has always extended gracious hospitality.

• • •

COUNTRY home for Mrs. Thomas Anderson, formerly Joan Kruger, who was married recently at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street.

TEA FOR TWO. Third-Officer Denise Owen, of Sydney (left), with Third-Officer Shirley McCracken lunch together in Melbourne, where Denise is now stationed as W.R.A.N. Education Officer. Denise hopes to come home to Sydney for leave some time in June, when she will stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Owen, of Potts Point.

GALLANT BRIDEGROOM. Dr. Donald Dawkins, of Adelaide, carries his bride, formerly Margaret McFadden, from St. Margaret's Church, Turramurra, to waiting car after ceremony so that rainy weather will not ruin lovely gown. Margaret is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. McFadden, of Pymble.

CHARMING HOSTESS. Mrs. E. L. Brisbin entertains her nephew, Flying-Officer Roy Ramsey, Royal Canadian Air Force, at party at flat at Witherinton, Point Piper, when Roy is in Sydney, having completed tour of duty in Australia.

OVER THE TEACUPS. Heather Kinnaird (left) chats to Mrs. M. Land and Mrs. J. Macdonald Holmes (right) at Pickwick Club making plans for musicale in aid of Scots College P.O.W. and war funds, to be held at College Assembly Hall on June 6.

LEAVING for Colombo soon are Mr. Geoffrey Osborne, ex-A.I.F., and his wife and two-year-old daughter Christine. Geoffrey has accepted position in Colombo, so they plan on being there for some years. Mrs. Osborne was formerly Phyllis Pitt, daughter of Mr. H. L. Pitt, superintendent of Red Cross, and of Mrs. Pitt, of Pymble.

• • •

GREAT surprise when I meet Jim Barnes and he tells me of his engagement to attractive ballet dancer Anna Volkova. Romance began when Anna danced here with Russian ballet, and has been continued by correspondence ever since. It's four years since couple have seen each other. Anna is at present dancing in Brazil, and Jim tells me he's off to India for Army job. Anna will return to Australia for marriage as soon as wartime duties permit Jim returning to Australia.

• • •

JUST departed for New Zealand are Major Jack Griffiths, N.Z.E.F., and his wife, formerly Jean Pearson, of Mosman. Jack was aide to General Freyberg for five years, and returned from service in Europe just a few weeks ago. He expects to be discharged from army duties shortly, and he and Jean will make home in New Zealand. Of course, couple had a round of parties before leaving Sydney.

LOTS of interest when tall and charming Derek Schreiber, Duke of Gloucester's chief of staff, and Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal, D.S.O., R.N., squire two of our most charming matrons to dine at Prince's.

• • •

SENTIMENTAL note when pretty Mrs. Douglas Davidson pins tuberoses to her ice-blue crepe dinner-gown when she dances at Prince's with her husband, to celebrate first wedding anniversary. Frances carried same flowers in bridal bouquet at her marriage last year.

• • •

FAREWELL visit to Cusa House is paid by Lady Wakehurst. She is presented with painting, done by late Charles Bryant, by president of Cusa House, Miss Kate Egan.

• • •

EXCITING news for Mrs. George Twohill, of Edgecliff, when she hears that her daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Twohill, jun., formerly Monica Murphy, of Townsville, has had baby daughter whom she and her husband, Lieut. George Twohill, A.I.F., have decided to name Patricia. Monica is in Townsville staying with her parents while George is away on active service.

Joyce

Movie World

● *KATHRYN GRAYSON, vivacious, hazel-eyed, dark-haired star, is under contract to MGM. Now 23, Kathryn has been studying singing for many years, and when Louis B. Mayer happened to hear her, he gave her a contract without even the formality of a screen test. The youthful singer was then put through a stringent twelve-month curriculum before she faced the cameras. All her spare time is spent entertaining at Service canteens. Kathryn's next film is "Anchors Aweigh," with Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra.*

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Drama of escape

1 **THROUGH** Phyllis Prager (Vivian Austin), who is a night-club singer, Cliff Banks (Alan Curtis) gets in with a gang of thieves. He is sent to prison for term for crime he did not commit.

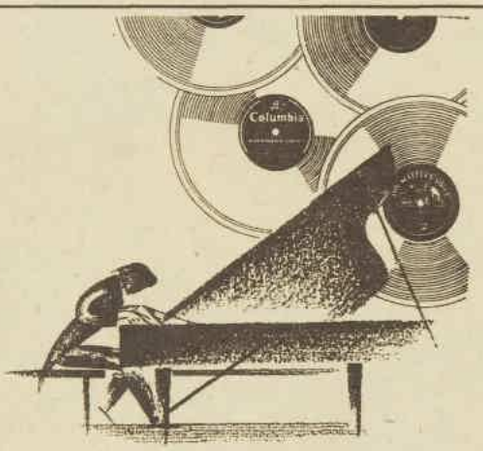
2 **AFTER RELEASE** he becomes involved again with the gang. With Sam Baker (Frank Fenton) he narrowly escapes capture. The two make a getaway, then take separate routes.

3 **DRIVING ALONG** after she has given a lift to Cliff, Betty Lawrence (Grace McDonald) discovers his identity. Even so, she decides to help him to safety.

4 **RECEIVING FOOD** and shelter from Marie (Minna Gombell) at her roadside club, Cliff thinks she is to be trusted, and tells her his story. He discovers her ringing police, so again escapes.

5 **HE SEEKS REFUGE** at the desert farm owned by Clem Broderick (Frank Craven) and his daughter Jane (Gloria Jean), who is blind. The farmer and his daughter offer their hospitality.

6 **ACCIDENTALLY SHOT** by himself, Clem is in urgent need of a doctor. Jane begs Cliff to take her father to town. Cliff knows if he does he will be discovered, so he tells Jane his story.



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The Parlophone Co. Ltd. (Inc. in England) HOMEBUSH, N.S.W. A1/45

7 **PERSUADED** by Jane to give himself up, Cliff finds the police have already captured Sam, who has cleared Cliff of any part in crimes committed by gang.

DESTINY

IN "Destiny" Gloria Jean plays a serious dramatic role for the first time in the part of Jane, the farmer's daughter. It is exceptionally demanding, as Jane is blind.

Dozens of well - known players were tested for this part before the director finally selected Miss Jean to play it.

As in "Phantom Lady" Alan Curtis again has a sympathetic part. He has a preference for tough roles; but his destiny seems to be working out otherwise.

Veteran actor-playwright Frank Craven celebrated his sixtieth year in the theatre, while he was playing in "Destiny" as Jane's father.

Miss Jean asked him if he had any thought of retiring, but he scorned the idea.

"Retire, never! I shall go on acting until I die," he said.

Frank Craven has starred in numerous stage plays and has written and produced many others.

Reginald Le Borg, who directed "Destiny," will be remembered as director of that gay, light romance, "San Diego, I Love You."

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is a
full cream
POWDERED MILK

NO PRESERVATIVES ADDED. Trufood is pure, fresh milk, *whole milk*, in powdered form. It has all the vitamins and food value of new country milk. Easy to mix—and no waste whatever! You use just as much or as little as you need and keep the rest till later. But please don't buy more than you require, then there'll be enough for everyone.

TF.42.26

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Continuing . . . Pastoral

from page 7

THAT morning, Wing-Commander Dobbie got an answer to the letter he had written to Corporal Leech in hospital. It ran:

"R.A.F. Emergency Hospital,
"Yorks.

"Dear Sir,

I got your letter; it was very nice to get it, and it was very nice that you found time to write. Thank you. I do not want anything because it is very nice here and they say I shall only be a fortnight and then out. I am hastening to write to tell you that I would not like to change my crew please because we all get on all right together and it is very nice. I like being with Mr. Marshall although he can be sharp sometimes but we don't mind that. Please try and keep a place for me back in that crew.

"I hope you are quite well.

"Yrs. obediently,
"ALBERT LEECH."

Wing-Commander Dobbie glanced this over thoughtfully; it did not help him in his problem. Still holding it in his hand he went through into the next office, and asked Chesterton, the adjutant, to come in.

Dobbie said: "Shut the door behind you. Have a chair." And when that was done he said: "I say, what am I going to do about Marshall's crew—R for Robert?"

The older man said: "They're all fighting, aren't they?"

"Not exactly," said the Wing-Commander. "There's some friction, but it all seems to come from Marshall. He's riding them too hard, but at the same time he's got slack and casual himself."

The older man said: "You'll have to split them up. It's too bad to let them go on."

"I think it is. Well, look at last time."

Chesterton took out a cigarette. "It's a great pity," he said slowly. "A great pity to break up a crew like that."

"What's *more*," said Dobbie dryly, "it's not so easy. I had them all in one by one before they went on leave and asked them if they'd like a change. They all said that they wanted to stay where they were."

"They did?"

"Every one of them—Gunnar Franck and all. Even the radio-operator that got shot up wants to stay in that crew." He flipped the letter across to Chesterton.

The Squadron-Leader read the letter through. "What's the matter with Marshall?" he inquired. "I always thought him quite a pleasant chap."

"He is," said Dobbie. "I like Marshall. It's the usual thing, of course. He got mixed up with a young woman and she gave him a bump."

"Somebody on the station?"

"Yes."

"Who is it—do you know?"

"Section-Officer Robertson."

"Oh." The old Squadron-Leader sat turning the letter idly over in his hand.

"She's all right, isn't she?" he said at last.

"I think so," said Dobbie. "I think it's all quite above-board. The rear-gunner says she shot him down. I suppose that means he wanted to marry her."

Chesterton nodded. "I should think that's it. They're the marrying sort—both of them."

"If that's the way of it," said Dobbie irritably, "why doesn't she marry him?"

"I don't know. Anyway, what are we going to do about Marshall?"

Experience was here to help them; it was not the first time that they had had similar incidents at Hartley Magna. "You'll have to shift one or other of them," said Chesterton. "The sooner the better. If what you say is right, Marshall will never settle down. You'd better get the girl shifted."

"Return her to store, and get another one?"

"That's it. She can go back to Group."

"I suppose that's the right thing to do. But it's bad luck on the girl."

"She'll be all right," said Chesterton. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll slip over and see that wing-officer at Group—Mrs. Harding—and fix it up. I'll tell her we've got nothing against the girl."

Dobbie sat silent for a minute, deep in thought. "I don't like it," he said uneasily at last. "You never know how they'll take these things. She's a good girl, and they've been very discreet. She may get a bad mark against her if we send her back to store over a thing like this. And if we crack her up and tell the Queen Waaf what a wizard girl she is, she'll get a worse one."

Chesterton smiled. "Well," he said, "we don't want to pile it on too thick. You'd better stay out of this and let me handle it. You're too young. The Queen Waaf will think that my grey hairs make me pretty safe."

There was a silence in the office for a minute. In the end Dobbie sat up briskly. "I'm sorry," he said incisively, "but I don't like that way of handling it a bit. We've got to shift the girl, but I think she ought to ask for a transfer herself. If they ask her why, she can say that she's been bothered by one of the officers here, which happens to be true."

"I see your point," the Squadron-Leader said thoughtfully. "That couldn't possibly make any trouble. And we can back her up in that, and say that we think she's behaved very well."

Wing-Commander Dobbie pushed back his chair. "Well, that's the way we'll take it," he said. "You have a talk with her and get her to put in to be transferred. Make it effective before Marshall comes back off leave, if you can."

"Me have a talk with her?" said the Squadron-Leader, in dismay.

Dobbie laughed. "It's your job," he said. "It's administration. Besides, you've got daughters as old as Robertson, or older."

"I know I have," said Chesterton. "But I never muck about in things like this—I let them go their own way. You have a talk with her."

"I'm too young," said the Wing-Commander. "You just said so. You wanted to handle this. Well, go ahead and do it."

"All right." The Squadron-Leader thought for a moment. "She's just put in for week-end leave," he said. "I think I'll wait till Friday and put it to her just before she goes. Then she can get in touch with her wing-officer next week."

"Do it any time you like," said Dobbie, "so long as she's off the station before Marshall comes back."

Chesterton went back into his office thoughtfully. If there was one job that he thoroughly disliked and dreaded it was anything to do with the disciplining of W.A.A.F. officers.

Only once before had he been compelled to ask a young woman questions about her behaviour. On that occasion it had been a nice point which of them had been most frightened.

He brooded over his problem for the next two days. When Friday came he was still unprepared, but set himself grimly to his task. He went up to Gervase in the ante-room before lunch. "Come along to my office this afternoon, will you?" he said. "I've got one or two things to talk over. About three?"

Gervase said: "Yes, sir," and wondered what Signals had to do with Chesterton, and whether something frightful had happened over one of her girls. She presented herself at his office at three o'clock with some misgivings.

He plunged straight into the matter without beating about the bush. It was better, he thought, to get it over quickly.

"We've had a long talk about one of the crews," he said, "Wing-Commander Dobbie and I. We're a bit worried about R for Robert. They used to be a very good, reliable crew. But last time they went out they got lost and landed up at Whitsand, just like a pack of boys straight in from the training school."

Gervase sat motionless, her heart right up in the middle of her throat. This wasn't something frightful about one of her girls. This was something frightful about herself.

The Squadron-Leader went on: "When a crew goes off color in that way, Wing-Commander Dobbie always tries to find out what's the matter, so that we can put it right if possible. In this case we found that there had been some friction, and there didn't seem to be much reason for it. The crew all seem to like their captain, Flight-Lieutenant Marshall."

GERVASE raised her eyes. "I think they do," she said. "I was talking to the rear-gunner about it the other night."

Chesterton smiled; the way seemed easier. "I thought perhaps you might be able to help us," he said. "I don't really know what this trouble is all about, but so far as I can see the captain is to blame for most of it." He paused, expectantly.

A man of fifty is seldom a match for a young girl. He had talked too much, and too slowly, and thereby made a tactical mistake. He had given Gervase ample time to recover her self-possession after the first shock. Now she was ready to parry any thrust.

She smiled at him with innocent candor. "It is funny, isn't it?" she said. "We were all talking about it in our mess the other night. We couldn't understand why such an experienced crew should start making mistakes. But then I met the rear-gunner and heard all about it. I don't think you need worry about them now. I think they'll be all right when they go out next time."

There was a momentary pause. "What makes you think that?" he asked gravely.

She said: "I've got them some fishing."

The Squadron-Leader blinked in surprise. "I beg your pardon?" he inquired.

Gervase looked at him in starry-eyed innocence. "The rear-gunner told me," she said. "You see, they're all such keen fishermen in that crew, and they used to do it all together. But after the coarse fishing season ended in the middle of March things started to go wrong, and they got on each other's nerves a bit, because they were all so bored with having nothing to do.

Please turn to page 36

FOOD for 2 to 5 YEAR-OLDS

If you have a small son or daughter these recipes will be invaluable, as will the detailed information upon feeding habits, menus, and the lists of foods suitable for young children.

WRITE FOR (FREE) 16 PAGE MENU & RECIPE BOOK

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What's on your mind?

Medical units as war memorials

WHAT will become of Mobile Medical Units, ambulances, and equipment after the war? Could these be used for civilian needs?

Ambulances could be attached to depots in outlying districts. Now an ambulance frequently has to travel 30 or 50 miles to an accident and then return to the hospital.

Undue suffering is caused to patients, and sometimes death occurs before hospital is reached.

If the ambulance had only to travel half the distance, valuable time and lives could be saved.

Local country bodies should take up this urgent matter.

I feel sure servicemen would be behind such a scheme.

Such medical units could be named after famous battlegrounds and dedicated to the fallen. They would serve a dual purpose as a memorial and a benefit to the people.

£1 to 54810 LAC Hossack, W.A.E., R.A.A.F., Pacific.

Well branded

I SEE no reason at all why married men can't wear some sign of distinction, the same as women. Many a home has been wrecked on the

part of a girl who is ignorant of the fact that the chap she is going out with is married. I suggest plain ring to be worn on the small finger of the left hand.

5/- to Miss E. Bailey, 195 Trafalgar St., Petersham, N.S.W.

Mother's night out

RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE willing to undertake minding children for an evening are practically impossible to find.

Would it be possible to have a scheme so that such people could leave their names at local baby clinics, where their qualifications could be investigated?

All mothers would be delighted at the prospect of having somewhere to apply for help of this nature.

5/- to Mrs. E. Browne, 14 Violet St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Wife left out

WHY are not some clubs formed in Melbourne where servicemen and their wives from other States can get together and make friends?

My husband and myself felt lonely the other night, and decided to go into town to a little dance we had heard about. Upon reaching there my husband was informed that he could come in, but to leave his wife outside. I felt rather like a stray dog.

There must be some place a wife can go?

5/- to Mrs. H. Mooney, 256 Banks St., Sth. Melbourne.

Risking loneliness

TO-DAY, when so many middle-aged and elderly women are engrossed in various branches of war work, to the exclusion of all else, there is a grave danger that old ties of friendship will break one by one simply because they have not had time, or allowed themselves time, to keep in touch.

I think this is a grave mistake, for many might find they are laying the foundation for bleak and lonely years ahead.

5/- to Miss M. Rowland, 9 Louise Ave., Mont Albert, Vic.

Those paper-sharers

ONE would think these days most papers could be purchased by even the poorest, but there are still a few who persist in reading a paper over another's shoulder. Do they

not realise this is extremely rude, or are they too mean to spend 2d. to read the news at their own expense?

5/- to L. M. Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Flour ruined

COULDN'T more flour-sifters and other similar necessities be made, and fewer cosmetics?

The women of the outback have to bake all their own bread.

When there is not a flour-sifter procurable anywhere, the weevils walk away with the flour.

5/- to Miss Thelma Love, "Glenlea" Station, via Roto Siding, N.S.W.

Hobbies versus films

IT is rather surprising to see how many young children go to the picture theatres in large country towns on Saturday afternoons.

Very few films are of any educational value, so would it not be better if the parents of these children interested them in some hobby such as gardening, music, or, for the girls, needlework.

5/- to Evelyn G. Moss, Patchewollock, Vic.

Too much independence?

WOMEN are becoming more and more independent and it is quite usual now for women to continue working after marriage.

Quite a number of women who have good positions and are financially independent of their husbands are reluctant to give up their jobs in order to have babies.

When the war is over, will married women be content to go back to their homes and leave the jobs for the men and single women?

5/- to Mrs. R. Haire, Box 66, Whyalla, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Country girls slighted

COUNTRY girls doing Land Army work at home should be issued with uniforms, the same as those who enlist.

Many girls in the country do work in their own homes and are keeping things going while their menfolk are away. Because they have not enlisted they receive no recognition for their services.

5/- to Mrs. F. J. Sobbie, Box 9, Clifton, Qld.

Orphan's pen-friend

ANYONE who wishes to give a bit of love and kindness to an orphan can do so by becoming a pen-friend auntie to one or more.

An orphanage matron will gladly give the name of a lonely one, and a homy letter with a small gift on birthdays and Christmas time gives great joy to a lonely one, besides giving a feeling of belonging.

5/- to M. Moore, Pingrup, W.A.

Cheaper freezing

IN these days when shopping is so difficult and housewives have to travel such distances to collect and carry their goods, would it not be possible for more refrigerators to be put on the market, and permits be abolished?

The refrigerators should not be elaborate affairs, but just the ordinary steel-lined cabinets with refrigerator element inside. They would then be made possible for the small-income housewife to purchase.

5/- to Mrs. H. Petters, No. 3 "The Delta," Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Music fights intolerance

THOUSANDS of intelligent young children are each year attending orchestral concerts specially arranged for them, and I think that this is a wonderful education for young minds.

Music, learned to be appreciated by children, is more and more understood and loved as they grow older. What greater and finer instrument could be found to fight intolerance and ignorance, which are so strong throughout the world to-day.

5/- to Miss Gwen Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Should know Australia's constitution

LIKE most Australians I hope for better government and administration in post-war years.

I think that some instruction should be given to young people, either at High School or in evening lectures, on the political constitutions and civic affairs of our country.

Many young men and women nearing voting age to-day have only a vague idea of the functions of Federal and State Parliaments, and take very little interest in affairs of vital importance.

With a better understanding of the machinery of government, interest in national affairs would be stimulated, more Australians would be fitted for administrative positions, and we should become a truly democratic nation.

5/- to Miss U. J. Smith, 35 The Drive, Bardon, Brisbane.

Vitamins expensive

WE all know that fruit and green vegetables are necessary items on our daily menu, yet how can one provide these nourishing articles of diet when they are retailed at such exorbitant prices?

5/- to Mrs. D. Dickinson, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.

Julie and her jonquils

"Come," said Aunt Julie, "and see my jonquils."

"What?" exclaimed Betty. "Bother your old jonquils. I'm going out. I feel restless to-night. What does a girl like ME want with your jolly old jonquils?"

And out she went with a laugh.

A touch of Powder Charmosan on your skin, and there, lo and behold, is Youth. A strange and uncanny face powder this.

Charmosan face powder first came from France. Yes, that is why it has such a lovely perfume. So distinctive.

It stays on for hours.

Big box 2/6. Small 1/3. In the loveliest of colour tones—Rachel, Naturelle, Peche, Sun Tan.

Sold everywhere.

CREME CHARMOSAN is the perfect powder base. It protects your skin, too, in a wonderful way from the heat of Summer, or the bitter cold of Winter.

Big jars 2/6. Tubes 1/-. Sold everywhere.

CHARMOSAN HAND LOTION keeps the hands soft, lovely and attractive. Non-sticky. Non-greasy.

2/- and 1/- everywhere.

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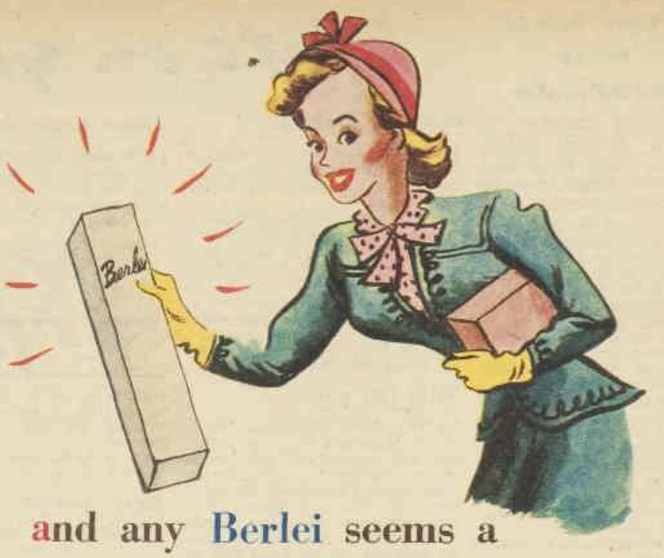
Corset hunting is a bit strenuous these days



and any Berlei seems a treasure (it is for somebody)

but if your Berlei isn't right for your figure type

and it won't give you that thrilling line you want

it won't give you the comfort and support you need

so please have your new Berlei properly fitted

Here at Berlei we have rather Strong Opinions about correct corset fitting. We think it is A Bad Thing to squander precious coupons on a corset that does not really fit you. Apart from this Frightful Waste, a corset can be a Snare and a Delusion if it doesn't fit properly. It may be the Best Figure Supporting Garment money can buy for one figure type (it is if it's a Berlei) —but entirely unsuitable for another. We really mean it when we say, BE PERSONALLY FITTED FOR YOUR BERLEI.

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TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

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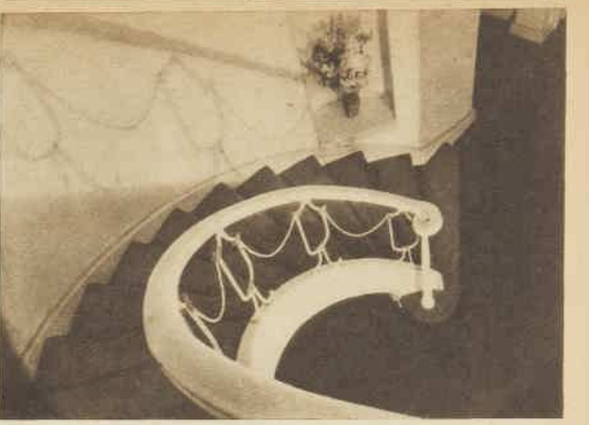
Home in lovely pastels . . .

• Walls, furnishings, feature soft, muted tonings that will take the place of off-white in our peace-time homes.



RESTFUL, charming lounge in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McGowan, St. George's Road, Toorak, Victoria. Walls are tinted apple blossom, pale raisin-brown rug covers the floor; palest grey-blue curtains frame windows. Peach rayon damask covers settees, chairs are in an enchanting grey-blue. Dignified and beautiful staircase is shown right.

BELIEVING that children love nice rooms, too, Mrs. McGowan made a special feature of the nursery, pictured above. Walls and carpet are carried out in soft blue. Peach-colored net swathes windows, and peach-and-blue chintz covers the bed and easy chair. Peach tone was obtained by dyeing fabrics.

GLIMPSE of the master bedroom. Walls and carpet are in a lovely pale peach; bedspread and curtains peach slub damask with white lily design. Color schemes by interior decorator Reg. Riddell.

THE DINING-ROOM, with its french doors leading into the garden, is a charming room. Walls and curtains are soft grey-blue. Carpet raisin-brown; furniture old-bone finish; brown velvet on chairs.

OVER-TIRED CHILDREN

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MANY adults do not realise that babies and little children easily get over-fatigued, and that this is a condition against which the mother must carefully guard.

Mothers who take their children to town for the day apparently overlook the fact that little ones tire quickly.

Excitement, noise, hurrying crowds, the pulling here and dragging there affect both mother and children. The outcome generally as the day nears its end: Disobedient, hysterical children and irritable, nervy mothers.

Living with too many adults tends to cause over-stimulation and a sense of confusion and frustration when children often get over-attention and conflicting orders.

Temporary periods of disobedience in an average, normal, well-behaved child are usually caused by over-tiredness. Indigestion, poor appetite (the child who won't eat), restless sleep, headaches, and backwardness are also often directly or indirectly due to fatigue.

To avoid these troubles it should be seen that little children are not over-stimulated, that they get sufficient rest and sleep.

To call children in for ten minutes' rest before meals; to make them lie flat on the floor for a period of rest after play and exercise while a story is told or read to them; to see that they have a daytime sleep as long as possible; and early bedtimes at night are all ways of overcoming this undesirable state of fatigue in children.

THE MAN WHO COMES AROUND

Say "hullo" to the man who comes to your house every morning — a man you may never meet — your Milkman. "I'm up and about while you're asleep," says Bill Smith, of Northcote. "Believe me, that's no joke on a cold wet morning. But my old stand-by, Bonox, keeps the weather out. Keeps me warm as toast." That cup of hot Bonox does you a power of good. As you drink it, you feel new vitality racing through your whole system. Bonox goes straight to the bloodstream — keeps out fatigue, colds and 'flu. Yes, a regular cup of Bonox through the winter will keep your "tummy" warm and your head above the 'flu line.

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Winter-weather Soups

● Piping hot, fragrant and rich with savory flavors, creamy in texture, satisfying . . . these hearty soups are fine for one-course winter luncheons, or for the first course for any hungry family on a cold winter's night.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

MAKE the soup-kettle a family institution during the winter months. No coupons are required for the shank of beef, knuckle of veal, scrag neck of mutton that go into the pot.

Long, slow cooking draws out the meaty flavor and gelatinous qualities of the tissues and bones.

To preserve the fine flavor and value of the vegetables, add them to the meat stock, allowing only sufficient cooking time to tenderise.

With simple broths, be clever with the use of herbs, spices, and flavor sauces.

Pair light broths with hearty main courses, and hearty thick soups with light main courses.

Be interesting with soup accessories. Crisp Melba toast is made by browning wafer-thin bread slowly in the oven; watch it carefully. For cheesed bread-fingers cut thin bread into finger-lengths, cover with grated cheese, and brown in the oven. Toasted bread sippets or fried croutons may be served with any type of soup. Little, freshly made hot cheese scones are delicious with cream soups.

FAMILY BROTH

(Good basic recipe that can be used a dozen ways by varying vegetables and herbs.)

Shin of beef or 2 to 3lb. knuckle of veal, or about 2lb. scrag end of neck of mutton, 2 quarts cold water, 2 teaspoons salt, small bunch of herbs (2 or 3 sprigs parsley, thyme, marjoram), 2-3 cups diced vegetables (carrots, turnips, celery).

Cut meat into small pieces and place with bone in saucepan. Add cold water, herbs, and salt. Cover and simmer gently for 2 to 3 hours. Strain, if liked, or remove bones and bunch of herbs, add vegetables and simmer further 30 minutes. Correct seasoning to taste. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

For brown soup use beef, and brown the meat and vegetables in hot fat before adding.

If thicker broth is preferred, add blended flour (1 tablespoon to each pint) or a brown or fawn roux. Pearl barley, 2 tablespoons to above quantities, may be added with the meat.

For varied flavor try the addition of 2 or 3 sauteed diced kidneys or 1 cup of diced sauteed liver before serving. Curry powder or flavor sauces may be added. Vary vegetables, sometimes using mixtures, sometimes one vegetable, as carrot or celery only. Try the addition of chopped green peppers, corn, shredded greens.

OYSTER MORNAY SOUP

(For that special dinner menu, or as a pleasant surprise for any night of the week.)

One pint of smooth, thick white sauce; 1 pint fish stock or oyster liquor with extra water or milk, 2 tablespoons finely grated sharp cheese, 2 dozen oysters, squeeze of lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, pepper and salt.

Combine the sauce and fish stock. Add the cheese, and heat until the cheese has been melted. If stores permit, the beating-in of two egg-yolks gives a rich texture here. Add the bearded oysters, lemon juice and rind, and season to taste. Heat thoroughly. A few grains of grated nutmeg may be added just before serving. Serve with Melba toast.

FRIARS' CHICKEN SOUP

(An old chicken makes the best broth. This recipe is satisfying.)

One chicken, 1 knuckle of veal, 1 onion, 1 blade mace or small bouquet of herbs (parsley, mint, thyme), 2 quarts water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 egg-yolks or 1 teaspoon butter, pepper, salt, chopped parsley.

Place knuckle of veal in pan with sliced onion, blade mace, 1 teaspoon salt, and water. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer 1½ hours. Strain and pour over the chicken in a pan, cover, and simmer for 30 minutes if young chicken, 1½ hours if old. (The meat on the veal knuckle can be used for brawn.) Remove chicken and shred meat from it, and return the shredded meat to the broth, or it may be used for chicken entree. Blend the flour with little cold milk and stir the milk and blended flour into the broth. Bring to the boil, stirring. Beat in the egg-yolks, being careful not to boil. Correct seasoning to taste. Serve piping hot with chopped parsley sprinkled on top. Fried crouton, heated crisp cracker biscuits, or cheese sticks may be served. For six to eight.

TOMATO AND ONION CREAM, served with hot scones filled with toasted cheese, is a satisfying dish for a one-course meal. Rings of onion, sauteed in butter or bacon fat, are a last-minute addition to the soup. See recipe on this page.

OXTAIL SOUP

(Steaming hot, brown and gelatinous, this soup is the finest of chill-chasers for a wet, cold night.)

One oxtail, 1 tablespoon dripping, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 onions, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 2 or 3 stalks and tops of celery, a sprig of thyme (dry or fresh), 1 or 2 cloves, 3 quarts water, pepper and salt.

Cut the tail in pieces, slice onions, carrot, turnip, and celery. Heat dripping in frying-pan and lightly brown the meat and vegetables. Stir in the flour, and then the water, thyme, cloves, and 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ of pepper. Turn into a pot and simmer gently for 3 hours. The soup may be strained, if liked, and further thickened. Correct seasoning to taste. A little Worcestershire sauce or mushroom catsup or lemon juice may be added. Serve very hot. For six to eight.

TOMATO AND ONION CREAM SOUP

(A Saturday-night choice, especially when served with hot scones, oozing with toasted cheese.)

Four onions, 4 potatoes, water, pepper and salt, 1 pint tomato puree, ½ pint milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Cook the potatoes and onions together in enough water to cover. When quite tender, rub through a sieve, reserving the water in which cooked. Add the sieved potatoes and onions with the vegetable stock to the tomato puree. Blend the flour with the milk and stir into the heated vegetable stock, and, stirring bring to the boil. Add the butter and season to taste. Top, if liked, with crisply tender onion rings sauteed in butter or bacon fat.

CORN CHOWDER

(Definitely a social success if paired with a light grill, with salad to follow.)

Three slices of fat bacon or salted pork, 1 onion, 1lb. potatoes, 2 cups water, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups cooked corn, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Remove rind from bacon, cut into cubes, and heat in pan. Add sliced onion and saute for few minutes. Add sliced potatoes and water. Cook until tender. Stir in flour, blended with milk. Bring to the boil, stirring. Add remainder of milk, corn, salt, and pepper. Serve very hot with cheesed toast fingers For four.

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How to

S-T-R-E-T-C-H your butter ration

—by Elizabeth Cooke

No. 22

A "Sauce-y" Spread

You never think a meal's complete unless there's Worcestershire Sauce on the table, eh? Bet you haven't thought of using it in sandwiches too. You start off with cheese, melted till it's thick, smooth and golden . . . and now for the difference. Add a dash from your Worcestershire Sauce bottle and stand by for that tangy flavour. Spread it straight on the bread or biscuits —no butter first, *please!*

Cheese and Worcestershire Sauce Spread

4 oz. grated Kraft Cheese; 4 tablespoons milk; Salt and pepper to taste; 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce.

Stir briskly over a double boiler till smooth and thick, then stir in Worcestershire Sauce.

Chill pastry before it is rolled to shape required, and it will be easier to handle, and lighter when baked.

DRESSY DISH for special luncheon . . . steamed fillets of fish, served on hot cucumber slices, with green peas . . . serve all piping hot with creamy sauce.

CORRECT FOODS are one of the best guarantees against winter ailments. Serve salads all the year round—they're good for you.

RECIPES . . .

easy on the meat ration

● Savory dumplings for a meatless main dish, custard without eggs, a liver salad loaf, and a sausage and apple pie . . . these are the prize-winners this week.

VARY the dumpling recipe by filling the scooped tomatoes with a thick cheese sauce before encasing in pastry.

Or fill these dumplings with sausage-meat or with early-season mushrooms or sauteed kidneys seasoned with a spot of bacon. Serve very hot with hot greens, sliced chokoes with parsley sauce, and browned parsnips.

The eggless custard recipe is worth reviving. The syrup coagulates the milk into a smooth, deliciously sweet curd. Serve hot or cold with stewed fruit or hot, chunky jam.

The savory wholemeal slice is good hot or cold. May take the place of sandwiches in the lunch box.

The invalid's beef cream is added for good measure. These savory custards occur frequently on invalid diets. Keep your egg supplies for the children and the not-so-well.

TOMATO DUMPLINGS

Six tomatoes, 2oz. macaroni, 2oz. grated cheese, about 12oz. shortcrust pastry, pepper and salt.

Skin tomatoes (revolve over flame or immerse in boiling water and remove skin), scoop out and season well. Cook the macaroni in fast-boiling salted water. Drain and combine with cheese, and, if liked, a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Fill the tomatoes. Roll pastry into six rounds and mould round the tomatoes. Glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat and cook further 10 minutes. Good with vegetables for a meatless menu.

First Prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o Carlton South Post Office, Melbourne.

EGGLESS CARAMEL CUSTARD

One pint fresh milk, 1 good tablespoon golden syrup.

Dissolve golden syrup in one cup of warm milk. Stir in the remainder of the milk. Pour into a greased piedish and cook in a slow oven until set, about 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Maguire, 8 Rodborough Rd., North Sydney, N.S.W.

RUSSIAN LOAF

Three-quarters of a pound sheep's liver, ½lb. fat bacon, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch of dried herbs.

Mince liver and bacon and combine with breadcrumbs, salt and herbs. Add beaten egg and press firmly into a greased basin. Cover tightly and steam for 1½ hours. When cold use sliced thinly for salads or sandwiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Le Mesurier, 62 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, Sydney.

INVALID'S BEEF CREAM

Quarter pound lean beef, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ cup stock, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cream, pepper and salt.

Shred the beef against the fibre with a sharp knife. Melt the butter, stir in the flour and stir in the stock, cooking gently until the mixture boils. Combine with beef and pound well with wooden spoon or spatula. Add the slightly beaten egg and season. Rub through a sieve, add the cream, and pound again. Turn into small greased basin. Cover and steam gently for 15 to 20 minutes, until firm to the touch. Stand a minute and turn out on to a hot plate.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Geoffry Grant, The Cottage, Kiewa, via Wodonga, Vic.

SAVORY WHOLEMEAL SLICE

Half pound wholemeal self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. dripping, water or milk, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ½lb. cooking apples, 2 tablespoons chutney.

Sift flour and salt and rub in dripping. Mix to a dry dough with water or milk.

Roll and line a small shallow tin. Combine meat, curry, grated or sliced apple, and chutney; season with pepper and salt. Fill the lined tin. Cover with pastry. Brush with milk. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, reduce heat and cook a further 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Rilley, 38 Gloucester St., Highgate Hill, Brisbane.

BEATING THE SAUCE well gives it a velvety smooth texture. Pour over the pudding just at the last minute before serving.

Stand aside for Baby Brown

Perhaps you like your toast and Vegemite at breakfast time, but you wouldn't feel so happy if you knew that Baby Brown needs that Vegemite, but can't get it. Of course, everyone likes Vegemite, but some people want it urgently for their health's sake — and have trouble getting it, because of the shortage.

If you are one of those who don't need Vegemite medicinally, then thousands of invalids and babies are asking you to deny yourself of it for the time being; by doing so, you will enable them to regain their health and strength

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In all operational areas where our men and those of our Allies are engaged, and in military hospitals, Vegemite is in great demand, because of its value in fighting Vitamin B deficiency diseases. That's why the fighting forces have first call on all Vegemite produced. And *that* is why Vegemite is in short supply for civilian consumption. But it won't always be that way. When the peace is won and our men come home, ample stocks of this extra tasty yeast extract will be available for everyone.

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- with coughs or colds!

The simplest cold can quickly develop into serious illness. At the first sign of a cold, step into the nearest chemist or store and pay 1/9 for a bottle of Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH ends colds quickly: soothes away the cough: breaks up congestion. Don't take chances—take Y-COUGH, the safe, sure remedy which *"kills colds with kindness."*

TAKE **Y-COUGH** *KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS!* BUY AT ALL CHEMISTS and STORES

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CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months. **MIDENE**

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If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powders.

BARKO *Condition Powders* 1/, ALL CHEMISTS

Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powders and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

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Cleopatra had nothing on me

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Jane Junior Laboratories,
283 Elizabeth St. Sydney.

Pastoral

Continued from page 28

"I KNOW it sounds silly, sir, but that's what they were all missing," she went on. "So I got permission for them to go fishing in a lake near here. It's nothing to do with me, of course, but I thought it might help. I hope I've not done wrong."

"But if the fishing season is over, how can they go fishing?" he asked in perplexity. It sounded to him to be a fishy sort of story altogether.

Gervase smiled tolerantly at him. "Trout fishing starts in March, when the coarse fishing season ends," she said. "I got them some trout fishing."

"How did you get hold of it?"

She had lain awake in bed on the Wednesday morning, thinking of Peter Marshall and of all the problems of their relationship. From that she came to think about the crew and Sergeant Phillips, and their fishing, and his phrase; "It's weary when you don't know what to do."

And suddenly she thought: This is ridiculous. Trout fishing at that time of year was in full swing, and there were trout in Kingslake woods. She had no idea who they belonged to, but that she could find out.

Fired with the enthusiasm of youth, she later rang up Mr. Ellison, Marshall's tractor salesman friend, and asked him about the trout.

He telephoned her with information later in the morning. "About those trout you want to fish," he said.

She said: "Whom does the house belong to?"

"Well, there's a Brigadier Carter-Hayes, who lives there with his mother, Mrs. Carter-Hayes. They're county people, all frightfully toffee-nosed and Poona. Brigadier Carter-Hayes is away, out somewhere in the Middle East. There's only the old lady there now, and she won't let anybody near those fish. Seems like they're a sacred trust she's keeping for him."

Gervase thanked him, and rang off, and sat for a time slightly damped. And then she thought that nothing would be lost by trying.

She rode out that afternoon upon her bicycle. She rode on past the point where they had gone into the woods to find the badger, crossed a little stream that was the outlet from the lake up in the woods, and so came to the drive that led up to the house.

It was a long drive, leading through a park studded with beech-trees. She rode on, and came out in front of the house. It was sheltered and peaceful, surrounded in the front with beech-trees and a wide mown lawn, and rhododendron bushes.

Gervase leaned her bicycle against the wall, went up to the front door and rang the bell. The oak door opened presently, and she saw a grey-haired maid, very neat in servant's costume of the last century, black dress, starched apron, and starched cap on the grey hair.

Gervase said: "Good afternoon. Can I see Mrs. Carter-Hayes?"

The old maid said deferentially: "I am sorry, madam. Mrs. Carter-Hayes is not at home."

The girl stared nonplussed. "I don't want to be a nuisance," she said. "But I've come a long way. Is Mrs. Carter-Hayes away?"

The maid said severely: "Mrs. Carter-Hayes is not at home to anybody to-day, madam."

Gervase said: "Please, don't you think she could see me just for a moment? I've bicycled seven miles from Hartley Magna because I wanted to see her, and if I can't I'll have to ride back and come out another day, and it's fourteen miles each time."

The old maid said: "Oh, madam, that is a long way."

"It is," said Gervase feelingly. "Couldn't you ask her if she'd see me just for a minute?"

"Mrs. Carter-Hayes is not very well to-day. I could ask her, madam, seeing that you have come so far. May I have the card?"

Gervase said: "I'm sorry, but I haven't a card. Would you tell her that Miss Robertson would like to see her for a moment? I won't stay."

"Does she know you, madam?"

"No she doesn't, I'm afraid."

"Would you step inside, madam?" Gervase went into the hall, and the old maid closed the door carefully.

Gervase went forward, and was shown into a long drawing-room. A formidable old lady was sitting very upright in a chair before the fire, gazing towards her.

Gervase said shyly: "Mrs. Carter-Hayes? My name is Robertson. It's awfully good of you to see me."

The old lady said testily: "Well, come on in, child, and don't stand over by the door. What's your other name?"

"Gervase—Gervase Laura." She moved forward to the fire.

"I suppose your mother had been reading Tennyson. Bless me, what sort of costume have you got on? Is that a uniform?"

"Yes—it's Royal Air Force uniform. I'm a section-officer."

"Well, turn round and let me see the back of it."

Gervase rotated slowly, hoping that by doing so she was achieving trout fishing. "I think it's very ugly and unwomanly," said the old lady decidedly, "but you look quite pretty in it. I suppose you must be a good-looking girl in decent clothes. You must be very young."

"I'm twenty-one, Mrs. Carter-Hayes."

"Do you have to polish all those buttons yourself every day?"

"No—the batwoman does that for me. I used to have to when I was an airwoman."

"What's an airwoman?"

"Like a private soldier. You have to start off in the ranks."

"But you're a lady. Do you mean that you have to live with a lot of factory girls?"

"Everybody has to start like that," said Gervase. "It's rather a good thing."

"It sounds to me to be a very bad thing, and most unsuitable for a young girl like you.

"Dale told me that you had bicycled from Hartley Magna. Is that where all the aeroplanes come from that keep flying over in the middle of the night?"

"Probably—or they may come from the aerodrome at Charwick."

"You don't go with them?"

"No—I stay on the ground and run the wireless."

"Well, what is it you wanted to see me about?"

Gervase hesitated, wondering how to put the matter of the trout fishing to this formidable old woman.

"Well, sit down if it's going to take you a long time. Sit down there. Will you stay and have a cup of tea with me?"

Startled, Gervase said: "I'd like to awfully."

"Ring that bell beside you." Gervase got up and rotated the old handle. "Well, tell me what it is."

Gervase said: "It's about one of our bomber crews. The men who fly one of the bombers over Germany. They're all keen fishermen in that crew, and they've been all at sixes and sevens since the coarse fishing season stopped. I was wondering perhaps if they could come and fish in your lake when they're off duty."

The door opened behind her quietly. The old lady said: "Dale, bring some tea for this young lady."

The door closed softly. She turned to Gervase. "My son had that lake stocked with little trout two years ago, before he went overseas, in order that there might be good fishing when he came home," she said severely. "I have never allowed it to be fished, for that reason."

GERVASE thought, that was that. It was just as Ellison had told her; she might have saved her journey. But the old lady's case was reasonable according to her standards; Gervase felt that she might talk all night, and do no good.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I didn't know it was like that. This crew need fishing very badly, and I thought perhaps this might be an opportunity."

The old lady said: "My dear, you keep on talking about a crew, and I don't know in the least what you mean. Is it the crew of a ship?"

Gervase said patiently: "No, it's the crew of an aeroplane. We call the men who go in the bombers the crew. There are five in these aeroplanes."

"They must be very brave men to fly all that way over Germany at night."

"They are," Gervase said slowly. "I think they're very brave men."

"And this bomber crew that you say are all at sixes and sevens. What do you mean by that?"

Gervase said: "It's a frightful strain on them, going out like that night after night." The door opened quietly behind her, and the old maid pushed in a rubber-tyred trolley with a silver teapot, delicate china, cake and bread and butter; she arranged this quietly between them.

"Each night, some of them don't come back; they just get—killed. But some of them go on, night after night and month after month. And the crews who do that are usually all great friends who know each other very well, because then they get to work together as a team."

The old lady nodded. "My son always says that a good polo team is best made up of friends," she said. "That is what you mean?"

Gervase knew nothing about polo whatsoever, but she thought it safe to say: "That's it."

"Well? What's all this got to do with fishing? Do you take sugar with your tea?"

Please turn to page 39

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Rich and concentrated. Ponds Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in. Leave on while you sleep. You'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands become.

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Cutex Nail polish is obtainable at all canteens of the Women's Services in Natural and Colourless only. Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of supplies for civilians. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.

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- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
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- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL

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Highlights on beauty spots

● Haphazard treatment in removal of moles a serious danger. Don't tamper with them — treat as beauty spots.

By MEDICO

LAURA LELAINE had a small black mole below the dimple on her cheek. Laura was an unusual, rather striking girl, with a definite personality of her own. But this mole had weighed on her mind and she wanted to have it removed.

"Couldn't I paint it with caustic or have it frozen off with some sort of snow?" she asked.

Before answering her I thought of the tragic results I had seen following on just such treatment.

"There is a very serious danger involved in your request," I assured her. "There was a time when doctors thought that all black moles were best removed, wherever they were. But removal, except by a very wide cutting out, commonly causes the development of a rapidly growing form of cancer," I said.

"That mole gives you character. It marks you as an individual personality. It raises you out of the common ruck, and, with your other personal qualities, it makes you Laura Lelaine, not 'another nice girl whose name just doesn't register.'

"In the second place, if it had to be removed, it would leave a scar which might be more noticeable than the mole."

"Shouldn't any black moles be removed?" she asked.

"If they show signs of increasing size, or if they are in places like the waistline, where they are subject to irritation, their removal is justified," I replied. "But neither of these two factors is present with you.

"Not so long ago, beauty spots were applied to the face to give character. Did not Madame Pompadour put one on each cheek?"

THE LITTLE BLACK MOLE which sits provocatively beneath a dimple doesn't weigh on the mind of this girl. It gives character to her face, marks her as an individual, not just another girl with a pretty face. Medico says that black moles on the face should not be tampered with.

CLOSE-UP of the glorious camellia-flowering type of begonia. They range from white and delicate pastels to deep, rich colors.

Begonia culture . . .

By OUR HOME GARDENER

THESE glorious flowers when shown publicly excite more comment and admiration than any others exhibited; are perhaps the most spectacular plants that amateurs can grow without special equipment.

One of the big points in their favor is the fact that they endure—in fact, they demand—shade, giving a striking display of color in locations where most flowering plants do not flourish. Then, too, they are summer and autumn flowering, starting at a time when color is badly needed.

Their color-range runs from white through the palest of shell-pink to rose, scarlet and crimson, and from pale primrose-yellow to salmon orange and deep apricot.

There are singles, camellia-flowered types, and true doubles, and in all cases the colorful blooms, as perfect as though made of wax, can be used to great effect in house decoration or personal adornment. With care the amateur can raise them from seed, although the most common practice is to buy well-grown tubers during September-October. Plants raised from seed sown during June-July will flower well the first summer.

In cold climates they must be kept indoors, in a sunroom, glass-house, or glassed-in sunny porch.

They require well-drained conditions, and the soil must contain a fair proportion of fibrous matter. A mixture of equal parts of very well rotted cow manure and rich, sifted leaf-mould or compost, and an equal part of sandy loam suits them if potted up. Each pot should be filled to a depth of one-third with broken crocks, as good drainage is most important.

Leave the tops of the tubers exposed and do not cover with soil. Press them well into the mixture after it has been well moistened and water carefully twice a week by immersing the pots in a bucket of water until all bubbling ceases.

Protect the growing plants from rain or dripping overhead if grown in a fernery, and from any strong cold or hot winds.

Seed of tuberous-rooted begonias should be started during winter under glass in shallow pans of well-drained, fibrous soil. When big enough they should be pricked out into "thimbles" and potted-on from time to time into larger receptacles.

MASSED BEAUTY. Basket and potted begonias in the glasshouse, Fitzroy Gardens, Melbourne.

Charm . . .

is not a matter of dress alone. Mood and manner are equally important. Mood and manner have their basis in good health, steady nerves, freedom from irritability. Knowing this, wise women begin their day the Schumann way — with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water. It's the health drink which cleanses and tones the entire system.

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The original modelling material made by HARBUTT'S

Pastoral

Continued from page 36

"PLEASE." She thought for a moment, and then said: "They all used to go fishing together until the coarse fishing season ended in March. It was their one big interest, and they all did it. Then when the season ended they hadn't anything to do, and they began sort of snapping at each other. It's a frightful strain." She paused. "And then they began to make mistakes, and last time they were very nearly killed."

The old lady gazed at her quizzically. "And so you thought if they could come and fish my lake they might get together again."

Gervase turned to her, surprised at so much understanding. "That's exactly what I did think."

"Who are these men? Has the crew got a captain?"

The girl nodded. "Flight-Lieutenant Marshall. All the rest are sergeants, except the wireless operator, who is a corporal."

"But do you mean to tell me that they all go out fishing together. The officer with the sergeants and the corporal?"

"Yes."

"How very odd," said the old lady shortly.

There was a pause while she poured out tea with a very shaky hand.

"And which one is it that you are in love with?"

Gervase nearly jumped up from her chair. This was worse than Pat Johnson. "I'm not in love with any of them," she said warmly.

"Well, which one is in love with you?"

Gervase was silent for a moment. She did not want to tell lies to this unpleasantly direct old lady. Moreover, she was by no means sure that she would get away with it if she tried. "Peter Marshall," she said weakly.

"He is the officer—the captain?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't know." This was terrible.

"Well, make up your mind quickly and don't keep him waiting too long. You can't afford to dilly and daily in times like these."

Deep down in her heart Gervase felt that it had been worth riding fourteen miles upon her bicycle to hear that said. But she was suddenly inarticulate and filled her mouth with bread and butter to avoid having to reply, coloring a little.

"I am sure if my son were here he would want to help you," the old lady said gently. "He thinks very highly of the Air Force. If fishing in the lake will really be some good to your crew, I do not think he would want me to refuse it."

Gervase said: "That's terribly kind of you, Mrs. Carter-Hayes."

The old lady sat up. "Mind you, I am not going to have the whole Air Force tramping through my garden and upsetting everything. Write down the names of these men, the crew, and I will write a little note to invite them." She passed a pad and pencil to Gervase.

The girl wrote down all the names and the addresses; the old lady took the sheet and studied it. "Sergeant-Pilot Franck," she said. "What an odd name. Is he English?"

Gervase said: "He's a young Dane. A medical student before the war. He is the navigator—the most senior of them, next to Flight-Lieutenant Marshall."

"How odd. And have all these sergeants and corporals got rods for fly-fishing?"

Gervase said: "I don't suppose so, because they're only used to coarse fishing. But don't worry about that —they'll get them fast enough. They aren't badly paid."

"Somebody was telling me that it is very difficult to buy fishing tackle of any sort now. If your friends have any difficulty in buying their own tackle they may borrow any of my son's. Only they must keep them here and not take them away."

"Of course," said Gervase. "Are you sure your son won't mind them being used?"

"Oh no—there are some he keeps for his friends to use when they come and stay."

Gervase said: "It's terribly kind of you to do all this for us, Mrs. Carter-Hayes."

"Not at all. If you decide to marry that young man, bring him in for me to have a look at."

Gervase laughed awkwardly, and left, and rode back to Hartley very pleased with herself. She went first to her office at Headquarters; on her table there was a message scribbled on a message pad asking her to ring up Mr. Ellison.

She called his number. He said: "Oh, look, Miss Robertson. I've been hearing a bit more about that Kingslake House. I wouldn't go out there if I were you."

"Why not?"

"Leave it a bit. You know I said there was a son who was a brigadier in the Army? Well, he's been killed out in Tunisia. The old lady only got the news yesterday."

. . . . . .

Squadron-Leader Chesterton went into the Wing-Commander's office. "I've been talking to that girl Robertson," he said.

"Put the hard word to her?"

"It's not quite so easy as we thought. She's much more mixed up in the Robert business than I knew. She says that the crew will be all right from now on, because she's got them some fishing."

Dobbie stared at the older man. "That's a new one," he said slowly. "Let's have the gen on that."

Chesterton told him briefly what he had heard from Gervase; in the end he laughed a little ruefully. "So after that I piped down and let her go off on her week-end," he said. "I thought you'd want to think about it a bit more."

"You didn't tell her that we wanted her to ask to be shifted away?"

"No, I didn't. I wasn't sure if it was still a good idea."

Dobbie sat for a moment deep in thought. Whoever ran an air station successfully in time of war inevitably became an amateur psychologist; the Wing-Commander was very well aware of the power of occupations and hobbies to keep his young men happy. It was perfectly true that Marshall and all his crew were keen fishermen; if this girl had got them fishing in the neighborhood it might well be a real factor in the revival of their efficiency, which he ought not to disregard.

"I suppose the girl's right in on this?" he asked. "No girl, no fishing?"

"Well, she's the one who's raced round and got it for them."

There was a silence in the office. "She's got us foxed," Dobbie said at last. "If we push her back to Group they'll lose this fishing, and they'll get wild about that."

"I think she's got us foxed all right," said Chesterton. "If you're going to try this fishing scheme of hers, you'll have to let her stay. But look, what about Marshall? What are you going to do about him?"

There was a pregnant silence.

"What are you going to do, then?" asked the adjutant.

In the end they decided to do nothing at all.

To be continued

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